

CALLING ALL GIRLS

June 15c

Tops with Teens!



NEW..In This Issue

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the most important
year in a girl's life



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stories • movies • good looks

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(print)
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Bewitching black
eyelet embroidery
on summery sailboat
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city / country cottons

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Pretty you...in these crisp and cool fine cotton treasures. Gay "Dashing-Dots" with flatter-strategy in every line and super-smart capelet... "Pretty Peasant" with waist-whittling laced cummerbund, and picture-book neckline. And isn't it wonderful what quality and divine style you get for such a tiny price! The smart thing to do is to order both and have a superb summer wardrobe!



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Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



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Summer time is Toni time. For swimming with the gang, walks in the misty moonlight, tennis under a hot sun . . . all call for smooth, glamorous curls. Yes, for *permanent* curls that have that *natural* look, give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. But before you do, you'll want to know:

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Not with Toni. You'll have a frizz-free, natural-looking wave right from the start. For Toni Creme Waving Lotion gently coaxes your hair into curls. Leaves it soft as silk, with no kinkiness, no dried out brittleness, even on the first day.

How long will my TONI last?

Your Toni is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni, you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Which is the TONI Twin?

Mona and Carita Herche of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, are the twins pictured above, Carita, the twin at the right, has the Toni. She says, "My Toni's so soft, our friends think I've suddenly grown natural curls. Sis is convinced, too. From now on we'll both be Toni users."



Tune in "Give and Take"

2 P. M., Eastern Time, Saturday, CBS News

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pearls and gold
to wear so many
ways—for in-
stance, to hold your
skirt up above a
pretty petticoat.
Look them over,
if you've over-
looked them before
—as the song

goes. By Cora, they're \$1 plus
22c tax for the set of three.

Jewelry department of
John A. Brown,
Oklahoma City, Okla.



**CALLING ALL
GIRLS**



C.A.G. BELT—
the little
pictures inside
the transparent
strip on this
plastic belt by
Mighty Midget
are actually
miniatures of
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Replace them with some of
your own favorite
pictures, if you like. Belt

adjusts to any size. It's \$1.98 in the
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Glens Falls, New York, and
Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.

Photographed in BERMUDA
by Peter Flood. Courtesy
COLONIAL AIRLINES.



#500



#552



#501



#550



#400

#401



#508

#500: One piece Satin Lastex—twisted bra lined with Rayon Jersey—zipper closing. White, Black, Coral, Ice Blue. Sizes 32 to 40

#550: One piece Wool and Lastex with shirred bra. Black, White, Royal Blue, Aqua, Gold. Sizes 32 to 40.

#552: One piece shirred wool and Lastex with open midriff. Royal Blue, Aqua, Black, White. Sizes 32 to 38.

#400: Two piece Satin Lastex with Jersey lined regulation bra. Black, White, Pineapple Maize, Coral. Sizes 32 to 38.

also #401: One piece Satin Lastex with Jersey lined regulation bra—zipper closing. Black, White, Ice Blue, Coral. Sizes 32 to 40.

#501: Two piece Satin Lastex with Jersey lined twisted bra. White, Black, Coral, Pineapple Maize. Sizes 32 to 38.

#508: One piece Matlesse Lastex in the Jacquard Pattern—twisted bra—zipper closing. Black, Royal Blue, Aqua, Gold. Sizes 32 to 40.

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7⁹⁵

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	# 552			
	# 501			
	# 550			
	# 400			
	# 401			
	# 508			

Are you in the know?



When can a girl ask for a date?

- ☐ But never
- ☐ In Twirp Season
- ☐ How desperate can you get

A miss can stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus

refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means "The Woman Is Requested to Pay". At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help so many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!



Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- ☐ Affectionate
- ☐ Affected
- ☐ A femme to follow

A gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep repeating "See?" . . . "I mean . . ." And only a dreep would dare the affected "Do you rah-ly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. What with that exclusive safety center of Kotex for extra protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence! And Kotex comes in 3 sizes—there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for you.



How to start a modeling career?

- ☐ Trek to the big city
- ☐ Take a charm course
- ☐ Find out if you're qualified

Modeling's glamorous . . . but gruelling. How's your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn't fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Tells you if you're qualified. On difficult days, comfort counts; and Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Not 'til you've tried new Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that holds its shape. And the new all-elastic Kotex Belt fits comfortably . . . doesn't bind.



We want to know what you like and dislike in *CALLING ALL GIRLS* and tell us what you would like to see in future issues. We'll print as many of your letters as space allows. Address From You to Us Editor, *CALLING ALL GIRLS*, 260 Fourth Ave., New York 10, New York. This month, because you have so much to say—pro and con—about the article "High School Sororities—Good or Bad" in the March issue, we're printing only letters on this provocative article.

SPEAKING FOR THE DEFENSE

About your article, "High School Sororities—Good or Bad" . . . We admit that some sororities are undemocratic but we feel that the examples of the poor ones were more plentiful than the good ones in your article. In our high school the sororities are not secret. We sponsor many community activities that aid in the social welfare of our city. All the sororities belong to the Panhellenic Council, which sponsors all of our dances and makes rules for the organizations.

M. B. and M. P., Kansas City, Mo.

Whether or not a sorority is good or bad depends largely on the girls in it. We don't ignore those who aren't members. We do go out together and give parties, but we always ask others to join us. . . . Sororities are not organized to create snobbery, unkindness, or to ruin any school; they try to build up friendships for the school years and for years to come. I enjoyed your article although I disagree with most of it.

T. R., Hartford, Conn.

I do not by any means agree with all the points in your article. Although I will admit that some girls are hurt by not getting a bid into a sorority, I contend that in high school there will be clubs, or at least "crowds," and some girls will be left out whether your school allows sororities or not.

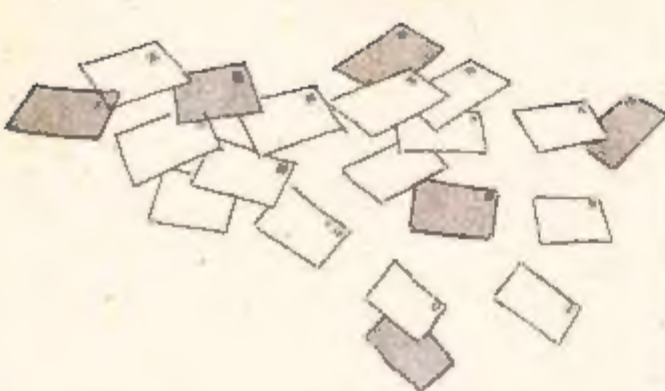
Some sorority and fraternity members do hold a number of offices in the school but not because the elections were framed. How much do you think a group of fifty to seventy-five students can do in a school of 4000? . . .

I also think that sororities encourage good grades by refusing to allow you to become a senior member in the organization until you have lived up to certain requirements. I realize that the things I mention happen in a sorority that is rated third highest here and admit that there are some who do not live up to the high standards.

As a parting thought . . . the girls who are left out of sororities don't usually mind



More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins



from you to us

much because none of their friends are in these organizations and they would, as a rule, rather be with their own crowd and be much happier. *C. S., Mobile, Ala.*

SPEAKING FOR THE OPPOSITION

High school sororities are certainly a problem which needs to be solved. High school boys and girls are much too young to be dabbling in practices peculiar to these organizations. I'm glad to see that your magazine not only realizes this but has done something about it. . . . I only hope that high school students will take heed and do something about it too. *L. E., Bloomington, Ind.*

We would like to tell you how we solved our sorority problem. When we read your article, we thought of the difficulties we had this year to rid our school of them and start democratic clubs. We are both members of D.O.R., one of the newly established clubs. We will admit that we were against them in the beginning but we began to realize what a wonderful chance we had right in our school to prove we are democratic people.

We have about three hundred girls in our grade. Together with advisers, a selected (by vote) group of girls formed a system in which the girls choose the club instead of the club choosing the girls. Our clubs are independent and are run by the girls, not by the teachers or parents. This has proved to us that even quiet girls can be a lot of fun and be good friends. We hope that other schools will do the same because it's been lots of fun.

M. J. and T. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

I have just read your article on high school sororities. I wish that all prejudice in this world could be wiped out. I belong to the Camp Fire Girls. We have canteens monthly and you can be sure no one is left out although there are many races and religions in our crowd. *L. W., San Francisco, Calif.*

I am a Y-Teen myself and of course I was glad to see your write-up about our work. I am glad also to know that we are finally getting limelight like all the other organizations. *J. D., West Hempstead, N. Y.*

All of us teens in New London are far happier going to high school activities such as parties, music organizations, Girl Scouts, 4-H, and by being judged on ability instead of social standing, than we would be if we belonged to a sorority that would do nothing to improve us . . .

D. J., New London, Ohio

Memories that never fade!

Your FIRST upswept hair-do!

You picked up your hair and piled it high on your head. School girl became glamour girl. And what a grand impression you made—remember?



Your FIRST love letter!

The envelope looked like any other—except for the upside-down stamp and the X's on the flap! You'll never forget your first love letter.



Your FIRST cake of Camay!

Years from now, your *first* cake of Camay will still be a bright memory! Because your *first* cake of Camay can bring you a softer, lovelier skin and all that goes with it! Follow the lead of the Camay Brides. Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Directions on the wrapper point the way to a lovelier you!



MRS. WILHELM E. SCHORR
a Camay Bride of last year—says:
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You'll look dainty—and so embrace-able—in this SHEER PRINT RAY-ON, perfect for all occasions. It's delightfully chic—surprisingly inexpensive! The full peplum, edged with rose pattern black lace, gives your hips that new, rounded look. Exquisite figure-moulding design is accented by the delicately shirred bodice. Concealed 20" zipper, tie-back belt. And the price—a low \$6.99. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. Flower pattern in Black, Chocolate Brown, or Mediterranean Green — on White background. Order now on approval!

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By LEE MORSE, Record Editor



record raters

Doris Day has reached the goal many a girl dreams of—a Hollywood contract. In the Michael Curtiz picture, *Romance on the High Seas*, she plays a leading role opposite Jack Carson and Oscar Levant. But that's not all. Since Doris left Les Brown's band to become a "single," her records have sold in the high figures; she did a lengthy stint with Sinatra on the Hit Parade; and now she's ready to start on a show of her own.

But don't think this was all luck.



Eight years ago, when she was only sixteen, Doris Kappelhoff was dancing in a Fanchon and Marco dancing troupe. Suddenly, in Hamilton, Ohio, her life was almost ended when a car in which she was riding hit a railroad train. After months in the hospital she knew that she might never walk again, let alone dance.

But Doris kept her sense of humor and her determination. She decided that if she couldn't dance, she would sing. She had a lovely, throaty voice, but no training. By the time she was able to walk again, she had made real progress in her vocal lessons.

At seventeen, Doris was singing on a small radio station in her home town, Cincinnati, Ohio, being paid mostly in experience. But it wasn't long before her voluntary services paid off in a warbling job with Barney Rapp's band. A few months later, she became feature singer for Bob Crosby, then for Fred Waring, Rudy Vallee, and finally, Les Brown. It was during her stay with the Brown aggregation that the Day pressing of *Sentimental Journey* became one of the band hits. When the Brown group disbanded, Doris signed a recording contract with Columbia. Current popularity polls place her high among the top female vocalists of the country.

Doris usually wears her bright blond,

silky hair long over her shoulders. She was recently voted the best-dressed girl vocalist.

"I read almost anything that's printed and eat anything that smells of meat and potatoes," she says. "I swim, dance, play tennis. I really love hockey and football. You know, I'm a pretty good forward passer."

Her favorite color is red, she adores Mr. Sinatra, her greatest extravagance is perfume. She hates to have her hair done, and dislikes talking on the telephone.

Doris is a real trouper, a genuine person, and a fine singer. She can easily double as a pin-up girl and a very talented young lady.

I Recommend to You . . .

Oye Negre and *Intermezzo* by Jan August (Mercury). Here is piano music that is both melodic, soothing, and talented. Jan August gives out with some of his famed arpeggio technique along with graceful styling of a delicate classic.

For Every Man There Is a Woman and *What's Good About Goodbye; It Was Written in the Stars* and *Hooray For Love* (RCA-Victor) are four titles from *Casbah*, a new movie. The two discs are a wonderful package of Tony Martin vocalizing.

Decca has a rather novel album idea. It is pressing the most popular records of each year, starting with 1927. *1927, Songs of Our Times*, contains twenty-four tunes played medley style by Bob Grant's Orchestra. On the inside covers of the album is a concise but thorough history of the events of the year. *Song Hits of 1930*, by Ted Straeter and his orchestra, is another in this series worth having in your shellac library. Your mom and dad will do some listening to these too.

If your crowd is in the mood for good Latin rhythm, be sure to get Guy Lombardo's latest album. The collection includes *Take It Easy*, *Speak Low* and *Begin the Beguine* (Decca).

Not for quite a while has there been a symphonic release to compare with Serge Koussevitsky's fine interpretation of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9 in D Minor* (RCA-Victor).

ADDED ATTRACTIONS:

That Feathery Feeling and *Matinée*—Gordon MacRae (Capitol)

Love Notes From Andy Russell (Capitol)
We Just Couldn't Say Good-Bye and *But None Like You*—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

Groovy Movie Blues and *Free Lancin' Again*—Johnny Moore's Three Blazers (Exclusive)

Mint Julep and *Lazy Bones*—Ray McKinley and His Orchestra (Majestic)

cape convertibles

scaled to size



Striped chambray sun dress with white piqué cape. Teen-able by Rainbow. Sizes 10 to 14 for tiny teens and almost-teens. About \$11 at John Wanamaker, New York, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa.



Piqué and eyelet in a delectable cape and sun dress ensemble with boned bodice top that may be worn strapless. Petiteen, sizes 10 to 14. About \$11 at F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio.

Watch for announcement of the prize winning names for these smaller-than-teens sizes in the July **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. Maybe you'll be one of the winners!

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Jaunty **swing-back** accents the magic of your springtime mood and carries you gaily on through the summer. Wear it over everything and anything. Fine-wale corduroy, double stitched for perfection and unlined for care-free comfort. **Military collar**, a parade of 8 gold colored buttons marching up the front and two roomy patch pockets . . . all for a modest \$6.95! Sizes 12 to 20, in Maize, White, Pink, Powder and Grey.



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ALL THAT come-hither, Honey! Yet they stay away in droves. How come?

Could it be that you scrub yourself shiny-clean in your bath—wash away past perspiration—but skip protection against risk of future underarm odor?

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perspiration odor all day or all evening. Safer for skin and clothes, too—because gentle, snow-white Mum contains no irritating ingredients—nothing to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

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What makes a girl click?

★ **FREE BOOKLET!** Send for "Click with the Crowd," a little tome that speaks volumes.

Tells you why some girls are adored—others ignored. Score yourself on the "click ability" check sheet. (No cheating, now!)

Note the pointers on your crowning glory, on Page 2. And—pul-eeze, Pet!—drink in every word on personal daintiness. Never let it be said that underarm odor and you go around together—alone!

For free booklet, send postcard to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. CA-68, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

be a safety-first girl with **Mum**



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counter cues



BALLERINAS DANCE on Briggs' pink and white cotton bedspread, and you'll do a pirouette or two when you learn it's safe for sudsing. Spread, \$14.95; pillow sham, \$3.95; draperies, \$8.95, plus postage. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago 90, Ill.



THOUGHTFUL YOU to slip a Dillingham Luggage Stand into the guest room this summer! And for porch parties, this rack doubles as a folding tray stand. Walnut, mahogany or maple finish. \$6.98, plus postage. R. H. Macy & Co., New York, N. Y.



BRIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK with Trimz Damask-patterned Ready-to-Hang Rayon and Cotton Fabric Draperies. Light as a feather, they'll let in cool breezes—and can be hand-washed. Budget-priced at \$1.98. Trimz Company, Inc., Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois.

Indoor beauty and outdoor
fun! That's what our counters
cue for June, and here are
items calculated to headline
in both departments!



SET UP STAKES anywhere with the Bay-
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weight shoes can't dig into the lawn, and
are a breeze to handle! \$3.95, plus postage.
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10-12-14-16-18
for Misses

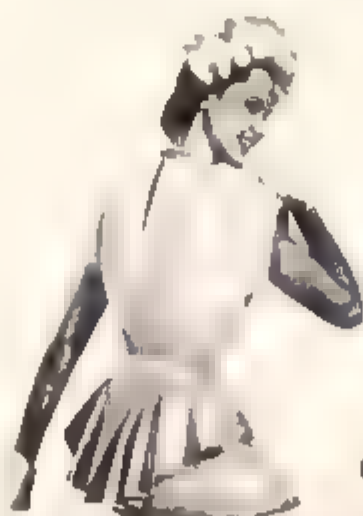
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Sky
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Aqua
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Maize
(all with
dyed-to-match
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Peplum . . . breathlessly lovely and
thrilling . . . irresistible! Every ward-
robe must have one dress like this for
those "special" occasions . . . Yoke is
Exquisite "old world" lace . . . full fish-
tail peplum flares out jauntily . . . a side
zipper placket insures perfect fit . . .
the jewel neckline, fully padded cap
sleeves and self covered belt all add
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LET'S GO SEE

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House If you think you have trouble having to share your room with your younger sister, wait until you see the wrinkles that the Housing Shortage puts in Cary Grant's good-looking forehead. It all begins when, as Mr. Blandings, he gets fed up with his cramped New York apartment and decides he wants a country house. No sooner said than bought: one romantic-looking, but slightly sway-backed old house on a Connecticut hillside. From then on, life is one round of real-estate men, contractors, architects, painters, carpenters, all presenting problems and staggering bills. Well, you know Cary. With a quirk of the eyebrow, and a crack of his voice, he can turn any situation into grand comedy. And that's just what he does—even when his dilemma is complicated by Marylyn Douglas, who keeps smiling at the charming Mrs. Blandings (Myrna Loy). Sharyn Moffet and Connie Marshall are just right as the Blandings' daughters. (Selznick-RKO)

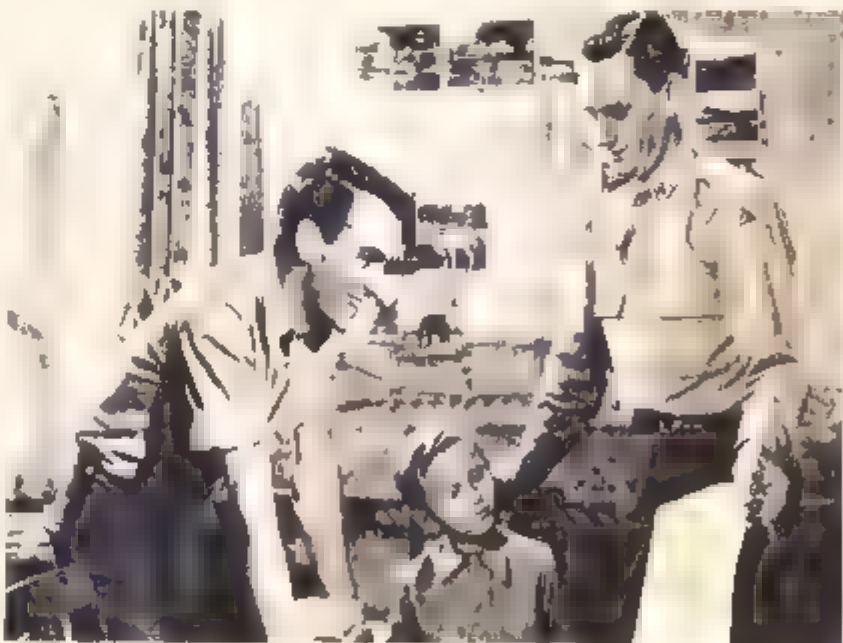
The Search What is Europe like today? War's aftermath is shown with rare clarity and force in this movie that was actually filmed in the American zone of occupied Germany. In this engrossing story of a mother's search for her little son after they were sent to different concentration camps, there are only three professional actors. The rest of the roles are played by actual displaced children and UNRRA workers. A young lieutenant (Montgomery Clift), as American as the boy next door, finds the child, half-starved, almost mute from shock. Gradually the soldier brings the boy back to health and teaches him English in his own decidedly unacademic way—"O.K.," he points out, is the most useful word in the whole language. A companionship between a man and a boy is something a girl is rarely let in on. And this one is too fine a thing to miss. Inspiring, too, is the way the film reflects the American belief that something can be done about any situation no matter how hopeless it may appear. (MGM)

State of the Union A merry poke in the country's political ribs, this Broadway hit play makes its screen debut sporting dialogue as timely as tomorrow's headlines, a good many laughs and a brisk pace. The story is all about what happens when a hard-boiled newspaper woman who wants to be the power behind the president decides to shove Spencer Tracy in the direction of the White House. To aid and abet her in this whopping undertaking are political boss Adolphe Menjou and a bright young reporter, Van Johnson. As the campaign hullabaloo mounts, down go Tracy's chances of maintaining his genuine gilt-edged ideals. But his high-minded yet warmly understanding wife, Katharine Hepburn (charmingly vivacious, in smart clothes by Irene), helps him keep his head while his hat is in the electoral ring. Without getting up on a soapbox, the film has a serious message for voters: Get out to the polls. Vote. Because although the people are sometimes lazy about exerting their influence, politicians aren't. (MGM)

by ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor



Cary Grant wracks his brain over the problems of building a house, while Marylyn Douglas, Connie Marshall, and Myrna Loy look on skeptically, without offering any suggestions.



Montgomery Clift is busy teaching English to young Iran Jandi, but he's just as surprised and amused as his roommate when the boy identifies a photograph of a pretty girl as "The Tomato."



Being the wife of a Presidential candidate can be a perplexing business. Here Katharine Hepburn talks over the political outlook with her husband's campaign manager, Van Johnson.

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Tops with Teens!

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new teen fashions

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*The orchestra began to play "Aloha Oe"
The Seniors, '48, stood very still, trying
hard not to look into each other's eyes*

*To the class of '48—and to the
classes that will also one
day be at the end and the beginning
of something—this
story is tenderly dedicated*

and now FAREWELL

Chuck
& Meg

Extra
Extra

Deb

Miss Jackson seemed very severe. "Seniors," she said clearly, so that her voice almost rang, "your attention, please!"

"—and I can't decide which one—Smith or Mills," Darlene went on, whispering feverishly. "Which college would you take, El?"

Smith or Mills! Ellen Carter tried to think of them, with their ivy and venerable glory. But all she could see was her father the night he told her she wouldn't be able to go on to college.

There had been regret—almost apology—in Henry Carter's eyes as he looked from the letter to her. But his voice was deliberate and very sure. "I'm proud they accepted you at Stats," he said slowly. "But we can't send you this year, El. We simply don't have the money. Maybe next, but—" El understood how final that decision had to be.

But Smith or Mills. California or USC. That was the choice they were making—Darlene and Marylin and Virginia. And Ellen Carter? Why, she'd be down at Clarendon's where she had been every Saturday afternoon this year. (Continued on page 54)

A story by JAMES L. SUMMERS

Trey Sugarman



Growing up is more than waiting patiently for the years to add height to your stature and poise to your personality. Never was it simple to replace childhood ways with ones more appropriate for older years. Time alone will not refine attitudes and reactions as we would like to have them. There probably have been days in your own life when you secretly despaired of achieving full maturity at all. Even by sixteen many girls and boys frankly admit they have not solved certain problems of growing up.

Countless pressures almost constantly tend to throw you off balance emotionally, one way or another. Good emotional equilibrium is not easily gained in anyone's life, nor is it easily kept, once attained. Self-insight and self-control in plenteous measure are needed every day if you want to grow up well balanced.

Attitudes toward the world about you and the people in it are much more important than birthdays past, in determining how grown-up you are emotionally. Some boys and girls are fairly mature at fourteen, from this point of view. Others at eighteen still are struggling upward toward good balance.

Because attitudes and emotions usually are very complex, they are often rather difficult to analyze. However, the following self-quiz will enable you to rate your own emotional maturity sufficiently to point out where you ought to strive for improvement. Every question in the list reveals an important aspect of emotional maturity. Consider each question thoughtfully, then check the column that shows how you feel about that factor.

(Continued on page 46)

by **Dr. John E. Crawford**
and **Dr. Luther E. Woodward**



***It doesn't depend on your birthdays—but on
your attitude toward the world around you***



what's your emotional age?

Often	Sometimes	Rarely	How grown-up am I emotionally?
			1. Do I grumble about things that happen to me?
			2. Do I become so angry I would like to scream?
			3. Am I often bored to tears with my daily life?
			4. Do I naturally seem to say and do the wrong things?
			5. Am I jealous about some people?
			6. Do certain persons rouse my fighting feelings easily?
			7. Is it difficult for me to get along with my friends and family?
			8. Are there people I know whom I would "like to choke"?
			9. Do I like to daydream?
			10. Do I believe in lucky charms?
			11. When something makes me very happy do I feel like crying?
			12. If misfortune struck me, would it break my spirit for very long?
			13. Do I dislike a person who disagrees with my ideas?
			14. Do I try to persuade my friends to agree with me?
			15. Do I attribute it to a person's dumbness if he gets into trouble?
			16. Do I spend much time thinking about my past mistakes?
			17. Do I fear many things, am I easily frightened?
			18. Do I worry about what might happen to me?
			19. Does it take grand things to make me happy?
			20. If there were nice ways to avoid the opposite sex, would I do it?
			21. Does being quiet for an hour give me the jitters?
			22. Are there things about my private life I would not like to have to tell?
			23. Would I refuse to help in my community program if asked?
			24. Does my religion make me feel that I am wicked?
			25. Have I much difficulty in planning my vocational career?
			Totals My score:

Your score on this self-quiz is twice the sum of the Often column plus the sum of the Sometimes column. For your Emotional Maturity Rating turn to page 46.



Fredric March

speaking as a father

I don't claim to be an authority on teen-agers. Maybe I should be—I've certainly had more opportunity than most fathers to learn to know something about you. In the film, "Another Part of the Forest," I have a teen-age daughter, Ann Blyth, who is quite a problem, and in "The Judge's Wife" my daughter, Geraldine Brooks, is a young law student with progressive ideas. In the Broadway play, "Years Ago," I had a teen-age daughter, Patricia Kirkland—but she's the teen-ager of 1912. In the Samuel Goldwyn film, "The Best Years of Our Lives," Teresa Wright was my teen-age daughter, and a very modern one. Then in real life, there's my daughter Penny, age

fifteen. So I've had quite a bit of experience.

But just when I begin to think I understand you teen-age girls, you work a quick shift from Baby Snooks to Portia or vice versa, and all my ideas about you have to be rescrambled. That's what makes you interesting, of course, but it also keeps me guessing.

Do I think you'll make out all right? Yes, I do. You'll find the right answers to your problems as you go along, I'm confident of that. But there are some problems on which a real-and-proxy father can't help offering an opinion—especially when he's asked for it. Laying the foundation for a happy and successful life is something that all of you are concerned over, and



Fredric March is a judge in Universal's "The Judge's Wife," but daughter Geraldine Brooks doesn't let it awe her. She's a law student.



At their home in New Milford, Conn., Fredric March and his actress wife, Florence Eldridge, go rural with son Tony and 15-year-old Penny.

Somebody's in for a good paddling when the junior champs challenge Mother and Dad to a fast game of ping-pong in the back yard



What with Hollywood, Broadway, and school making their demands on the March family, being together at a home picnic is a treat.



I've given it some thought, too, because the direction you take now is going to be important later on.

Suppose one of my "daughters" were to ask me (and don't think they don't!) what qualities men find attractive in girls. High on the list, I would say, is the quality of being feminine. That doesn't necessarily mean going in for frills and furbelows, nor being frail and helpless. Being feminine is a mixture of warmth and graciousness, strength and comfort and encouragement. The pioneer women had little time for frills, and they often worked shoulder to shoulder with their menfolk. But they weren't hard or rough, they didn't adopt masculine ways. They gave their men faith in themselves, reassured them when things looked hopeless. They made their men feel like *men*, even like heroes on occasion. To give any human being faith in himself—to build up his self-confidence—is just about the biggest thing you can do for him.

Oh, I know, times have changed. Working desk to desk with men is a little different from pioneering the wilderness beside them. But don't make the mistake of thinking that you can't be feminine in the modern world of business, that you have to be hard and masculine in order to compete with men. Far from it! Men have respect for women in the business world

when they act *like women*, when they're truly feminine—which is something far remote from acting frail or helpless or sliding out of responsibility.

But the business world isn't the only place where femininity is attractive, nor are men the only ones who find feminine girls charming. The boys you meet set store by that same quality. If, without flattery, you make them feel that you have confidence in them, if you give them faith in themselves, make them feel that they *are* the kind of persons they want to be, you'll find you've hit on one of the biggest secrets of how to make boys like you.

And they'll behave toward you the way you want them to.

High on that list of what makes a girl likeable, too, is honesty. By that I mean not only truth-telling and respect for others' property but the kind of honesty in thinking that makes people trust you. Honesty in facing up to your mistakes though it hurts, honesty in taking responsibility for your actions, sticking to your principles even though they may not be popular with the crowd, being really fair in your judgments of people—that's what gives people confidence in you. Some people call it having integrity—and it's a mighty solid basis for being liked (*Continued on page 58*)

"We fathers like to get a word in,

too, especially when it's about

our teen-age daughters' . . ."



not like in the movies

**Act indifferent, and they'll
fall right into your arms.
That was Tommy Clark's
philosophy on girls . . .**

A story by Ben T. Logan

If Tommy Clark hadn't seen the movie, "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," just before he came home from prep school, his summer vacation might have started off in a much different fashion. As it was, he had picked up some new ideas about girls. The way to make girls fall for a guy was to be indifferent toward them, like George Sanders.

It was that warm Monday afternoon that changed everything. Millville was quiet that day. The city crowd, which each year changed life in the normally quiet Mississippi river town into an all-summer uproar, had not yet arrived. Tommy was lying in a hammock thinking how nice it was going to be to have his love life under control.

Mabel, for instance. He wondered if she would be coming out from Chicago again this year. Mabel was as flashy as a red convertible and it had been something to see how the guys envied his being with her last summer. But his approach to the romance had been wrong and (Continued on page 50)

"Women don't mean a thing to me,
not a thing!" Tommy declared loudly.

Samuel S. Hest

*Just one little oversight
can undo all your
good grooming efforts*



It's really not delicate at all, the subject of this article. It shouts from every corner of the room! It's perspiration odor, and because of it scads of attractive girls and boys sabotage their social life and future careers. If you're thinking, "This doesn't mean me—I take a bath every day," you're on the wrong track, because bathing isn't enough. Sudsing with soap and water cleans the skin but doesn't insure protection from stale perspiration accumulated between baths. Clean underpetties, sparkling clean hair, proper attention to airing and dry cleaning of clothes and a good deodorant or anti-perspirant are as important to your good grooming and cleanliness as nourishing food is to your body. Why do you perspire and why is it necessary to use a deodorant or anti-perspirant? Your body perspires in order to reduce its temperature. It's a sort of automatic safety valve or air conditioning system it has for cooling itself off. In addition to its own cooling system it needs the extra protection that a good deodorant or anti-perspirant affords. There's a world of difference between a deodorant and an anti-perspirant.

An anti-perspirant deodorizes and stops perspiration in the area on which you use it. And there's no danger in stopping perspiration in a small confined area because you simply perspire more freely elsewhere. Usually girls who perspire excessively prefer an anti-perspirant.

A deodorant destroys and prevents offensive odor. Most deodorants do a double job of checking (not stopping) and deodorizing perspiration and are excellent protection for the individual who perspires slightly.

Deodorants come in cream or powder preparations and anti-perspirants in liquid form, and are delicately perfumed or nicely spiced.

Don't ever try cover-up tactics to camouflage perspiration odor.

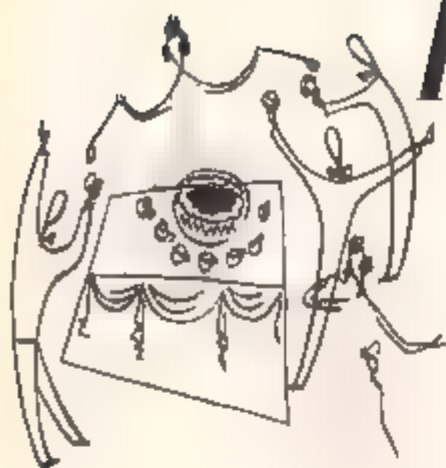
A dab or two of perfume or an overwhelming cloud of scent can never mask an offensive (Continued on page 62)

a delicate subject?



by LOUISE CARLISLE,
Good Looks Editor

Party punch - with school spirit



CLASS COLOR: Deep Maroon

KOLA-KREME PUNCH

(Serves 12-14)

- 4 quarts bottled kola type beverage
- 1½ cups heavy cream
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 3 tablespoons corn syrup
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoons sugar

Place unopened bottles of carbonated beverage in refrigerator to chill.

To prepare Kola-Mousse: Pour cream into freezing tray. Stir in vanilla, corn syrup and orange rind. Slowly pour and fold in one cup of the well-chilled kola-type beverage. Transfer mixture to refrigerator tray and freeze.

Add salt to egg whites in mixing bowl; beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar gradually, about ½ tablespoon at a time, and beat until sugar is well blended.

When cream-kola mixture is partly frozen, remove from (Cont'd on page 62)

Take a color—take two colors, the colors of the class of '48! Then match them up in everything you put on the graduation party table, right down to the contents of the punch bowl. Prediction: Your party will be voted pluperfect.

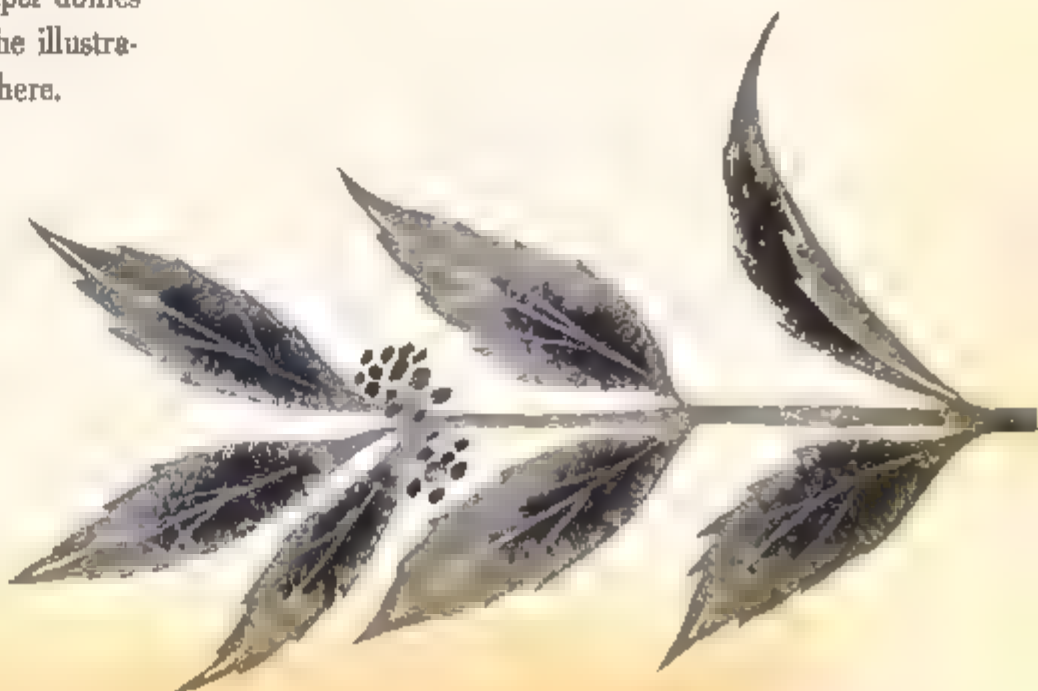
Flowers are easy. Use real or artificial ones, together or separately. Bank them around the punch bowl or make up little old-fashioned bouquets with a lace paper doily ruff for the girls and boutonnieres for the boys.

Cakes, big or little, can repeat a color in the frosting and you can hunt up fluted paper cake cups in the other color. Here's a good idea. Cut square cakes into three-inch pieces or take cup cakes and frost in class colors, spelling out the name of the school or "Graduating Class of '48" in contrasting frosting, one letter to each square or cake.

A gala bowl of frothy punch completes the color scheme, and wins the pennant for popularity! Made with an inexpensive carbonated beverage, its big surprise is the addition of "frozen fizz" in place of ice. Whatever your class colors, you can match up the punch bowl too. Just start with the nearest thing in bottled soft drinks: orange, grape, raspberry, cherry, kola, ginger ale, or a clear lithiated lemon that can be tinted with a few drops of food coloring.

The "frozen fizz" is food for talk, besides harmonizing with the color symphony. It's inexpensively made with more carbonated beverage . . . Verry clever, these graduates!

Have chilled standby bottles on the table. To add a final accent of color, run colored ribbons through a cut-out from paper doilies and attach them to the spares with scotch tape, as in the illustration. Your committee's imagination can take it from there.





*There's lots of class to the
colors of your school's-out celebration*

by ZOLA VINCENT, Food Editor

HIDEOUT

by Elena de Zaldo, written at 15

It was about eleven o'clock on a summer night. I was on my way back to the farm when it began to rain cats and dogs. In the darkness I could barely distinguish a big bulk in the distance that seemed to be a barn. I made a dash for it and soon was under its welcoming roof.

After my eyes got used to the darkness I saw I was in a partly filled hay loft. There was a light coming through the cracks in the floor. I looked around to see how I could get to it and the only possible way was to reach the edge of the loft where there seemed to be an opening into the stable below. I climbed up on the hay and was picking my way carefully across it, when suddenly I heard voices. I flung myself down on the hay and wiggled my way across the loft until I was on the edge of the opening and in a position where I could see but not be seen. I looked down and wished I was safe and sound in bed.

Directly below me and around an old table were three of the most disheveled and gruesome characters I have ever seen, playing with greasy cards, each with a revolver by his hand. In front of them, gagged and bound hand and foot, was a beautiful girl, no older than twenty. I stifled a cry. Several minutes passed, nothing happened. I wondered what was going to happen.

"Spike should be get'n along soon," said one of them, a burly fellow with a scar across his cheek.

"Yea," said another, a lanky man with a haggard face. "He should have finished the business long ago. It's nearly midnight." (Continued on page 44)



As you wrote it



WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

by Barbara Flaherty, Age 17

You can't squeeze America into a tidy definition, for this restless, ever-changing continent defies classification. I like to think of her, though, as a great, unfinished symphony—its theme the spirit of her people.

The prelude is a defiant one; the shrill notes of *Yankee Doodle* mingle with rebel voices in a challenge to tyranny. By the strange alchemy of a common ideal, what some called democracy, a faltering band of colonials were fused into a respected nation.

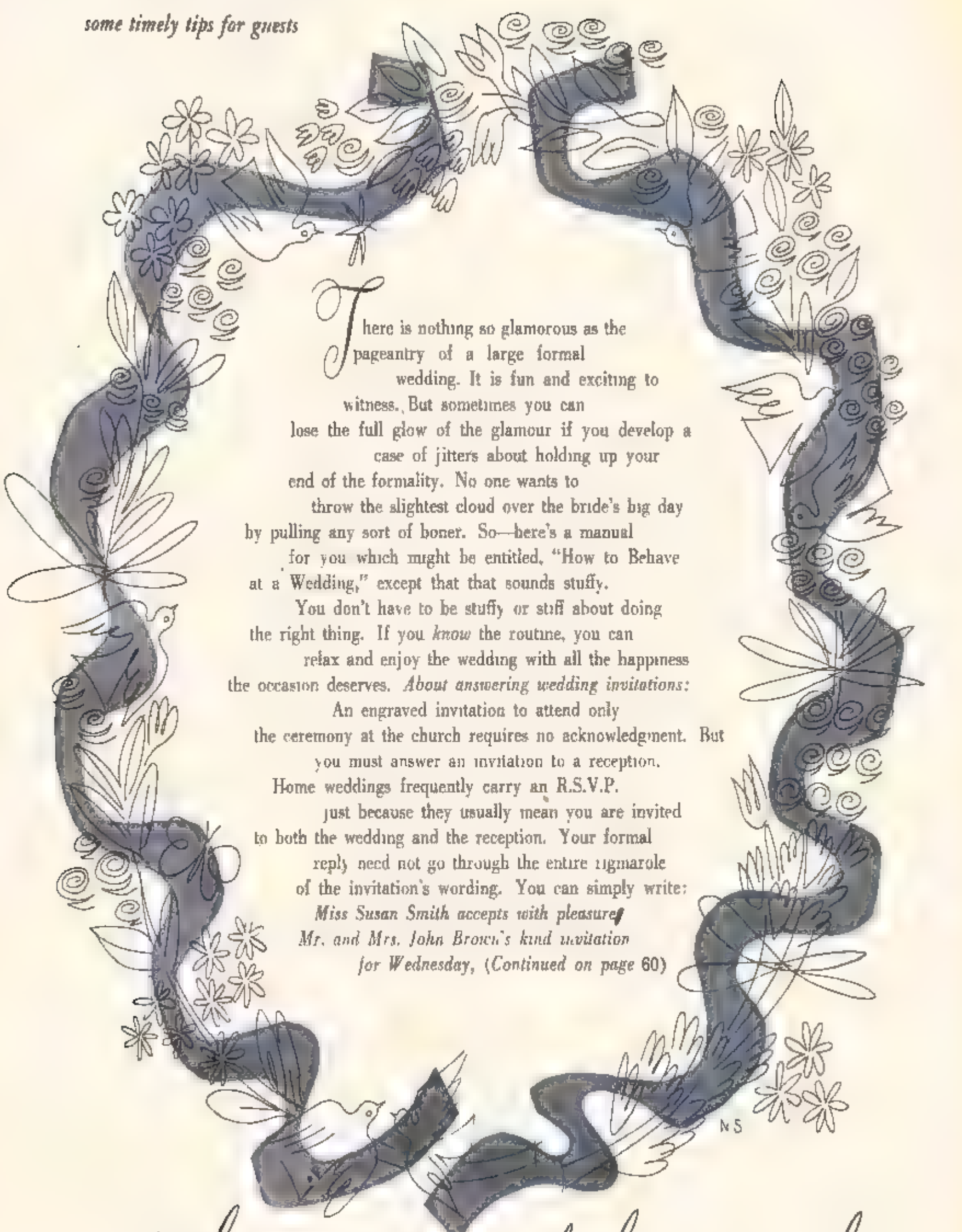
The frontier ever beckoned to the adventure in men's hearts and soon a new, vibrant strain wove into our symphony. It was the whine of axes and the rumble of prairie schooners, the wail of coyotes and the cry of "Timber." It rose to a fever pitch at the discovery of gold in California; soon the whole land rocked to the tune of *Oh, Suzanna*, the clink of nuggets, and barking six guns, for these were the rough and roaring '49ers in all their wild gaiety.

Suddenly the tempo changes; in the distance can be heard plaintive voices pleading, "Let my people go!" Marching feet and grim voices pound out a *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, as smoky skies echo to a cannon's crescendo. And then the bloody earth yields to silence. . . .

Silence, did I say? Rather an electric tension at (Continued on page 44)

Invited to a wedding?

*Our etiquette editor offers
some timely tips for guests*



*T*here is nothing so glamorous as the pageantry of a large formal wedding. It is fun and exciting to witness. But sometimes you can lose the full glow of the glamour if you develop a case of jitters about holding up your end of the formality. No one wants to throw the slightest cloud over the bride's big day by pulling any sort of boner. So—here's a manual for you which might be entitled, "How to Behave at a Wedding," except that that sounds stuffy.

You don't have to be stuffy or stiff about doing the right thing. If you *know* the routine, you can relax and enjoy the wedding with all the happiness the occasion deserves. *About answering wedding invitations:*

An engraved invitation to attend only the ceremony at the church requires no acknowledgment. But you must answer an invitation to a reception.

Home weddings frequently carry an R.S.V.P. just because they usually mean you are invited to both the wedding and the reception. Your formal reply need not go through the entire rigmarole of the invitation's wording. You can simply write:

*Miss Susan Smith accepts with pleasure
Mr. and Mrs. John Brown's kind invitation
for Wednesday, (Continued on page 60)*

NS

... at the marriage of their daughter

by MARTHA ROSS

*go places
in a convertible*





Photographs by William Ward

They're all perfect little ladies, until they take off their tops; then they're gay gamins, cut out for bare-backed suntanning. You need at least one convertible in YOUR summer wardrobe!

Opposite page, left—Pastel cotton and eyelet dress with boned top for strapless sunning, topped with the new cape-stole. By Mildred, about \$14, at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; and The Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Gloves by Van Raalte.

Center—Dazzling white rayon sharkskin with navy and white polka dotted top and flared back sacque-bolero. By Teen Club, about \$13, at Rollman's, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Our model is Betty Caulfield, sister of your movie favorite, Joan.)

Right—Dan River gingham plaid and black cotton in a saucy bolero style that looks demure one moment, daring the next. By Sandra Lee, about \$11, at Jane Engel, New York, N. Y.;

Cohen Bros., Jacksonville, Fla.

This page, right—Summer commater suit of striped cotton cordspun by Dan River, doubles as a piqué topped sun dress. By Teena Page, about \$11, at the C. O. Miller Co.,

Stamford, Conn.; and Macy's, New York, N. Y. Flowers on parasols by Flower Modes.



Square dance fashions are part of the fun and they're in teen sizes 10 to 16. Cape sleeved blouse and swirling skirt in Ameritex Caliquette, styled by Young Ideas, about \$9 complete.



"Address Partners" above, when gents touch forelocks, ladies curtsy. Next call might be "Swing Your Partner!" So crook your arm in his and around you go.



This little ring-around-the-rosy comes up often—when the caller sings out, "Right Hands Across!"

If you're trying to think up a new idea for a get-together for the old gang or a good ice-breaker for some new-found friends, why not have an old-fashioned "breakdown"? That's a real folk dance party. It's not the time for old clothes and hayseed. It's a time for dressing up—that is, if you're really going to do it right. Invite the girls to wear romantic square dance calicos and watch the boys act as gallant as Sir Walter at a mud puddle.

Have the folk dance party in your basement, school gym, or living room. Hunt up a fiddler or "gittar" player—or use folk dance records. In a pinch you can start everyone whistling or singing tunes like "Pop Goes the Weasel" or "Turkey in the Straw." Watch the ice melt and the fun begin.

Folk dancing has a vocabulary all its own. Once you've learned it you can follow any written instructions and even teach the steps to your friends. Better know some of the basics, though, such as: Four couples make a *set*. Each couple occupies one side of a square, all facing inside. The girl is always to the right of her partner, (Continued on page 34)



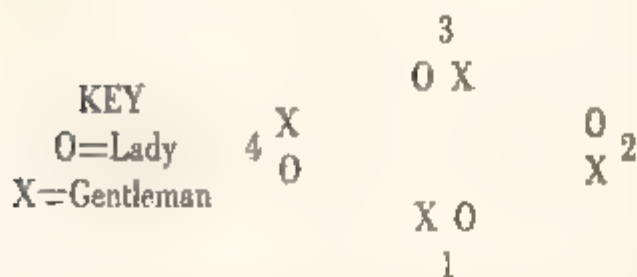
break the ice with a "breakdown"

*Even if you're shy—don't know
a soul at the party—when
you swing into a Birdie in the Cage you'll
have the time of your life.
That's what makes square dancing fun*



by **HARRIETT C. PHILMUS**

when not performing a figure. When "visiting" around from one couple to another, the gentleman holds the lady's hand about shoulder high. Couples are numbered counterclockwise around the set:



The circle may be formed with any number of couples, counted off as "odds" and "evens" and formed in sets. The figures are set by the caller's directions. A good caller is a great

draw at folk dances—the more calls he knows, the more fun the dancing.

If you want to attend an organized folk dance in your neighborhood—if you're stuck for costume ideas, or need records for your party, get in touch with the Community Folk Dance Center, P. O. Box 201, Flushing, N. Y. This voluntary group will be glad to help you—wherever you may live. Rod La Farge, 115 Cliff Street, Haledon, Paterson 2, New Jersey, publishes a little booklet called "Rosin the Bow" which gives folk dance steps and lists places in your neighborhood which hold folk dances regularly.

For an easy dance to start with try BIRDIE IN THE CAGE to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel" "Turkey in the Straw," or "Oh, Susanna."

Birdie in the Cage

CALLS
HONORS RIGHT AND
HONORS LEFT
ALL JOIN HANDS AND
CIRCLE LEFT
BREAK AND SWING
AND PROMENADE BACK

STEPS
Bow to your partner, then to the person on your left. All join hands in a circle of eight and circle half-way around.
Drop hands and swing with your partner, then promenade in a circle back to your original place.

FIRST COUPLE OUT TO THE COUPLE ON THE RIGHT. A BIRDIE IN THE CAGE AND THREE HANDS ROUND.

First couple goes out to face second couple. The first lady (odd) steps forward and the first gentleman (odd) and the second couple form a circle of three around her.

THE BIRD HOPS OUT AS THE CROW HOPS IN.

The first lady changes place with her partner, and the remaining three circle to the left as the odd gentleman turns in place to the right.

THE CROW HOPS OUT AND CIRCLE SO AND EVERYONE A DOSEY-DO

The odd gentleman takes his place in the ring beside his partner and they continue around until the second couple is in its original place facing the first couple, then they do a dosey-do, the gentleman and lady circle each other back to back.

ON TO THE NEXT YOU GO.

Repeat the same figure with the third and fourth couples. If you follow these instructions and listen to the calls, you shouldn't have any difficulty.



Cutest trick of the evening is a "Dosey-do," which means "back to back" or had you guessed that?

Our two-piece basque — jacket dress with eyelet skirt ruffling about \$11, made of Ameritex Caliquette and styled by Young Ideas. Both square dance fashions in Teen Departments of Gimbel's in New York, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa. and Milwaukee, Wis.



Right, Basket for Two Couples isn't hard to weave but it's best to hang on tight when you circle left.



Above, the Sashay is a sliding step to the side, usually. Ever hear your favorite star of the Westerns say "Reckon I'll sashay over, etc."?

never, but never,
have you seen
such *value!*
only

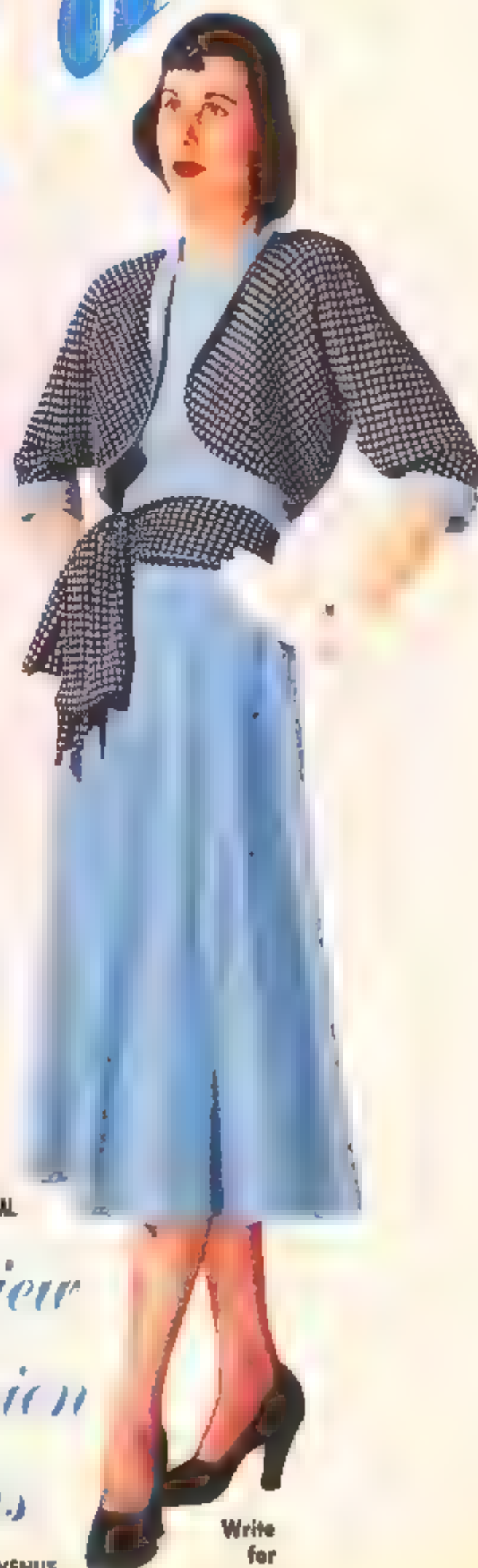
\$8.98

with high fashion
reversible bolero

1 dress!



Photo by Peter Fland



3 in 1

Preview scoops the Fashion World with the most Sensational Value of 1948. Talk about Quality! Talk about Style! It's a complete spring and summer wardrobe in one super outfit. You'll rub your eyes when you see it—the exquisite full skirted dress, complete and perfect in itself, the bolero that magically turns inside out from polka dot to plain. You'll wear them together. You'll wear them separately. You'll mix them! Match them! Mate them with everything you own! Beautifully tailored in fine smooth rayon, in these gorgeous color ensembles:

- (a) Pink Dress with Navy Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (b) Powder Blue Dress with Navy Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (c) Aqua Dress with Black Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (d) Gray Dress with Red Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)
- (e) Mauve Dress with Brown Polka Dot Bolero (Reversible side matches dress)

Sizes: 8-11-13-15 17 and 18-12-14-16 18

PREVIEW FASHION SHOPS, Dept. CG6 275 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 1

Send "3 in 1 Dress" on approval I'll pay postman \$8.98 plus postage and C. O. D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax. WE SHIP IMMEDIATELY. PLEASE PRINT

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CITY _____

ZONE _____

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Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

783

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for
free
catalog



JAN THOUGHT WISTFULLY: "THIS IS MY
SISTER VICKY BEING MARRIED WILL WE
EVER BE AS CLOSE AS WE WERE BEFORE?"

a story by SYLVIA SCHUMAN

Janet Warren gave a last caressing fluff to the skirt of her gown as the organ sounded the wedding march. She awaited her cue, then stepped down the aisle. Her cheeks were rosy with excitement, and she held her head high. But sadness tugged at her heart.

You should feel happy at weddings, she reasoned—especially at your own sister's. Especially when you're the maid of honor, wearing a dream of a gown—a gorgeous rose-colored affair with a tight bodice and yards of skirt. And especially when the best man is Ned Clayton, the bridegroom's brother.

She saw Ned, lean and attractive, with chestnut-colored eyes and hair to match, waiting at the front of the church. She'd had the most romantic adventures with him this month. Unfortunately they were all imaginary. Not even Vicky really knew how she felt about Ned.

The thought of Vicky brought on that leaden feeling inside again. To Janet it was as though a large important hunk of her was being scooped out. She was losing Vicky, the one person she'd been really close to all these years. Today was the end—the beginning of a new life for Vicky, but the end of everything they had meant to each other. The feeling of loss stirred more sharply as she saw Jeff Clayton turn his head to watch first Janet and then Vicky approach the altar.

Jeff looked stiff, pink-faced, and more the (Continued on page 47)

Wedding for four

sugar-sweet chambrays

only **7⁹⁸** each

Broadway



All three washable, in
Strawberry Pink
Coconut White
Bon-Bon Blue
Licorice Black
Sizes
9, 11, 13, 15, 17

Broadway Fashions Dept. 19-16, 599 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

I will pay postman price plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I may return dress in 10 days for refund. If pre-paid, Broadway Fashions pays postage. In N.Y. City, add 2% sales tax.

C.O.D. Check or Money Order

**Send No Money
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Style No.	Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice
Print Name			
Address			
City & Zone		State	

☐ **party girl** Style No. 721

...charmingly ruffled with baby-sweet eyelet. Bow-tie, square buttons, self belt, zipper placket.

☐ **sundae best** Style No. 722

...bib 'n' tucker goes everywhere! Tucked front, puffed sleeves crisped with eyelet. Self belt, long back zipper.

☐ **cream puff** Style No. 723

...with shoulder-framing capelet of sugar-white eyelet. Wide sash ties into bustle bow.

Fashions

pastel-perfect pique
tops everything for
summer! In washable
white, maize, aqua
copen blue or pink pique
Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17.

Style No. 257

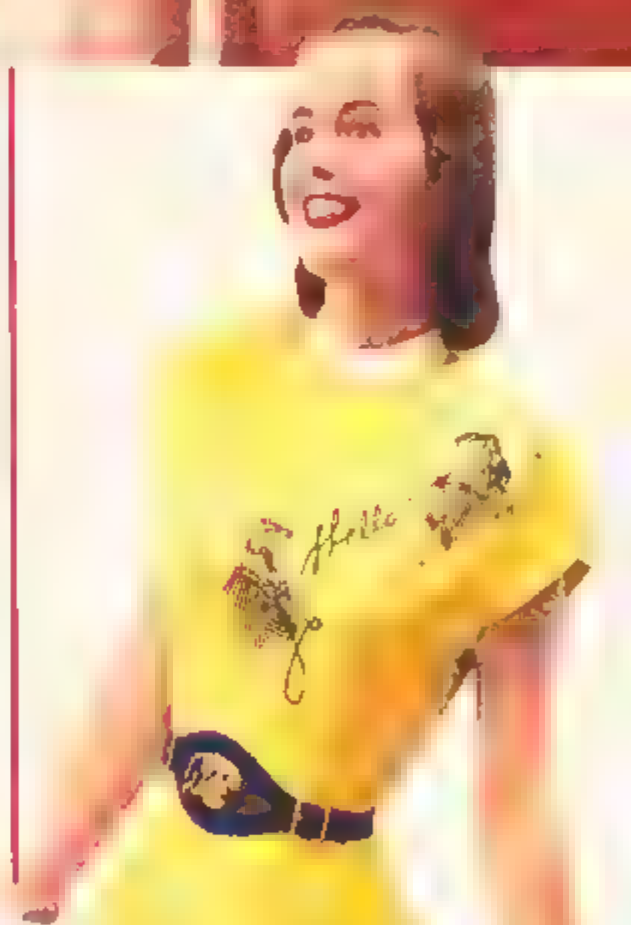
7⁹⁸



cool as a breeze
and lightly ruffled.
Smooth zipper placket.
Cotton-crisp white
eyelet top with
summer-light rayon in
blue, pink or aqua
Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17

Style No. 105

6⁹⁸



busy number!

for daytime or date-time.
Conversation-making gilt
phone on belt, flocked
chenille design on bodice.
Detachable white collar.
Zipper placket.
Navy, pink, aqua, maize
or copen blue
fine quality rayon faille.
Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17

7⁹⁸

Style No. 224

Use coupon

on left-hand page

to order any of these styles

Send for free
Broadway Fashions Catalog,
599 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

for see-worthy

It's a Coast-to-Coast hook-up when Florida high schoolers pose in California swim suits at the Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida—and when teen-agers everywhere find these very same suits lovely to look at, delightful to wear—and heaven to swim in. You can order them by mail from stores listed on this page, or ask for them in many stores listed on page 61.

Left—Matletex cotton (shirred with elastic, that is) in a vividly-striped cotton midriff suit from the first teen collection by Cole of California. About \$9 at Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pa. Below—Ruffled

lastex suits by Handler of California. Left, midriff style in satin, at about \$12 at Gimbel's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Right, Ballerina style in bengaline, about \$13. at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Tex.



sand witches

Right—Slim sheath of cotton print with figure-hugging Matletex shirring. By Cole of California, about \$9 at Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio.

Below—From the first teen swim suit line by Catalina. Left, twin print polka dotted lastex cotton, called "Puckerette," in midriff style, about \$8. Right, Zebra striped seersucker, elastic shirred, in a long torso one-piece, about \$8. Both at Davison's, Miami Beach, Fla.; and Macy's, New York, N. Y. Photographs by Dick Pope of Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Fla.



improve your figure

You're the lucky teen with no serious figure problems—so you shine in severely simple suits, designed for swimming comfort.

Left, midriff style in lastex Rib-cord.

Right, sheath like one-piecer in textured lastex wool knit. Teen sizes 14 to 18.

\$5.95 each. By Jantzen at

Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.

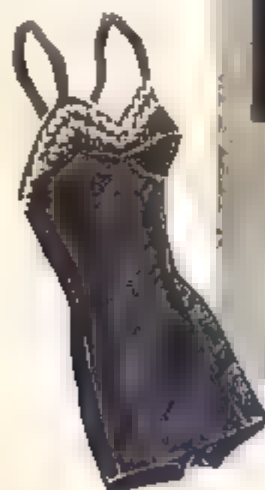
They wear Coral Fan lipstick by Chen Yu.



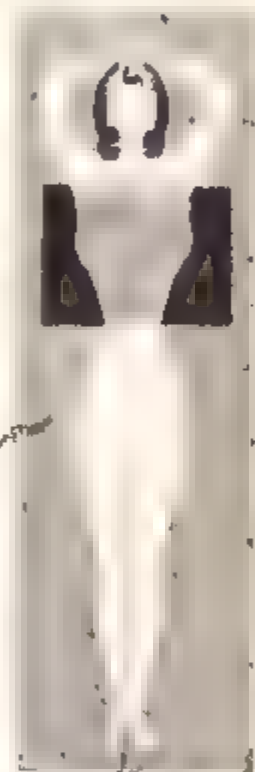
with the right swim suit

Either you have too much or too little of what it takes to be a Beauty on the Beach, so you need a swim suit expertly designed to give nature a helping hand. Identify your own figure type on this page; then choose a lastex knit swim suit with the flattering features prescribed here for you. Our suits, all by Jantzen, are at the stores listed.

round rosalie—She's short and plump, so she looks best in a lastex suede-like knit one-piecer constructed and trimmed to slenderize and lengthen the figure. No midribs for her! Sizes 11 to 17, \$11.95 at Martins, Brooklyn, N. Y.



topheavy tessie—She looks for slenderizing bosom details, like this built-up surplice effect, and for contour control. It practically does the work of a bra. Sizes 11 to 17, \$10.95, at Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.



beanpole barbara—She's long, lanky and not yet developed. A one-piecer with defined waist and bosom or a midriff with shirred contrasting color side panels to soften her angles into curves. Sizes 11 to 17, \$12.95 each at Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.



bulging betty—She has tummy trouble, so she picks a lastex satin suit with up-and-down stretch down the sides, and controlling reinforcement over the diaphragm. Sizes 11 to 17, \$15.95 at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.



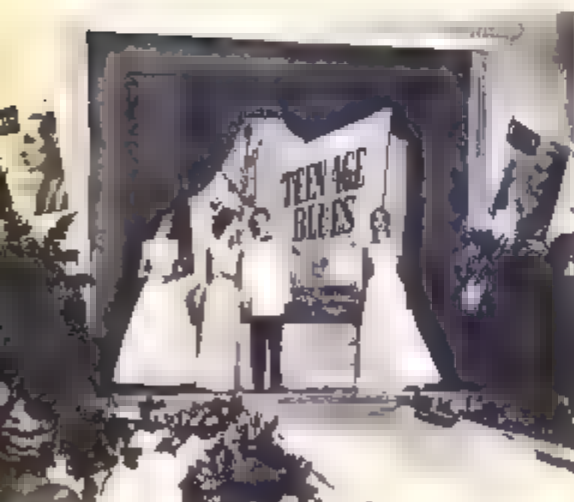
By **NANCY PEPPER**
National Director of the
Calling All Girls Clubs



club news



I congratulate tearfully happy Eleanor Montanaro, after the audience at the C. O. Miller show voted her the Teen Queen of Stamford, Conn. She models a Teena Puge dress



No Teen-Age Blues for the C.A.G. Club members who modeled these divine formals at the Famous Barr C.A.G. show in St. Louis, Mo. And look—what did I tell you—BOYS!



More like a Broadway production than a teen fashion show, our last show at Gimbels, Phila., built around the theme of electing a teen-ager for President of the U.S.A.

Something new has been added to our CALLING ALL GIRLS Fashion Shows. It's those characters with crew cuts at one end and argyle socks at the other. You know BOYS! At Crowley Miner, Official Headquarters Store in Detroit, Mich., we had six boys on the runway—and not just for atmosphere, either. They actually modeled outfits from Crowley's Prep Shop and showed our Club Members how their dates should look, but seldom do.

Nancy, Jr., (my own teen-age daughter) and I have been discussing some important subjects on the C.A.G. Radio Show lately, and judging from your mail, you like being serious for a change. You get both the mother and daughter point of view—so you'll want to invite your mother to listen in with you. Let us know if the C.A.G. show isn't broadcast over your local radio station. We'll do something about it!



Did you ever see a cuter stage, with Coke bottle footlights, than at the Geo. E. Brett C.A.G. show in Mankato, Minn.? The show was held at the local radio station, for a change.



The grand finale of the C.A.G. show, presented by Brock's, Official Headquarters in Hastings, Nebraska. You'll recognize your favorite fashions from CALLING ALL GIRLS!

HIDEOUT

(Continued from page 28)

"Well, I reckon if he ain't here by one, we'll bump off the gal and shove off," said the third, a dark, sturdy fellow, with close-set eyes and a nasty smirk on his face.

I hardly dared breathe, and shuddered to think what would happen if they found me.

Suddenly the door flew open. A young man, tall, dark, and handsome, stood in the doorway, a pistol in each hand.

"Reach for the ceiling!" he cried.

"Lancing!" growled the three men.

"Yes, Lancing!" answered the man, coming nearer. Still keeping them covered he took away their guns. "Now, untie her, quick! Come on, don't stall!"

I was fascinated, my eyes on Lancing, watching every move. When he said, "Don't stall," I looked to one side and then I saw him—a big fellow crouching in the doorway, ready to spring on Lancing.

I scrambled up hastily, alarmed, to warn Lancing; my foot slipped, I landed pell-mell on the hay and slid down to the floor below. I sat up dazed, a bit shaken, not grasping what had happened. When I realized where I was, I nearly froze, terrified to my wits' end. There was silence for a few seconds, then laughter and clapping reached my ears. I turned sharply to my left and there before me was a sea of faces.

I turned red, purple, every color of the rainbow. It was a summer theatre, and I had fallen in the middle of a mystery play!

I expected to be taken by my ears and thrown out, but it seems that the people believed it was part of the play and the actors whispered to me to try to ad lib the best I could—that they would help me along. The play was a big success and I unexpectedly had turned into an actress!

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

(Continued from page 28)

the dawn of a new era, an age of discovery. The music of industry was a strange one to unfamiliar ears, but it soon swept thousands into its demanding rhythm. The noisy blast of factory whistles and the bustle of rising cities swelled the feverish chorus.

In the years that followed, the United States emerged as a powerful, vigorous nation with vast resources and teeming industries at her disposal. A champion of men's rights, hers was a song of righteous anger as her doughboys marched into Chateau Thierry and the poppy fields of France. Later, the memory of December 7, 1941, branded into her heart, America proved herself a dangerous adversary to those who scoffed at decency and freedom. A people united in a common determination worked and fought for victory and a lasting peace.

Have you ever listened to my symphony—this symphony of America? It breathes a song of her people, their dreams, ambitions, ideas and ideals. It tells of a good land, a country of opportunity, a melting pot of bloods and creeds. It speaks truthfully of our prejudices, greeds and conceits, but it tells as well of our constant struggles to overcome these faults. Its melody sings of my home, my friends, everything I hold dear. This is my symphony of America; her song is my song, sweeping away injustice, tyranny and bitterness—the music of hope for all who believe in tomorrow.

Winning essay in the Quiz Kids radio contest on the American Heritage program.

GOT TO SEE THAT BIG, REFLECTING
FINDER THAT PREVIEWS YOUR PICTURE.

YOU'RE SURE YOUR
PICTURE'S RIGHT
BEFORE YOU SHOOT...

ME FOR THOSE BIG
KODACOLOR SNAPS.

MAKES 'EM
OUTDOORS IN
BRIGHT SUN ...
INDOORS WITH
FLASH!

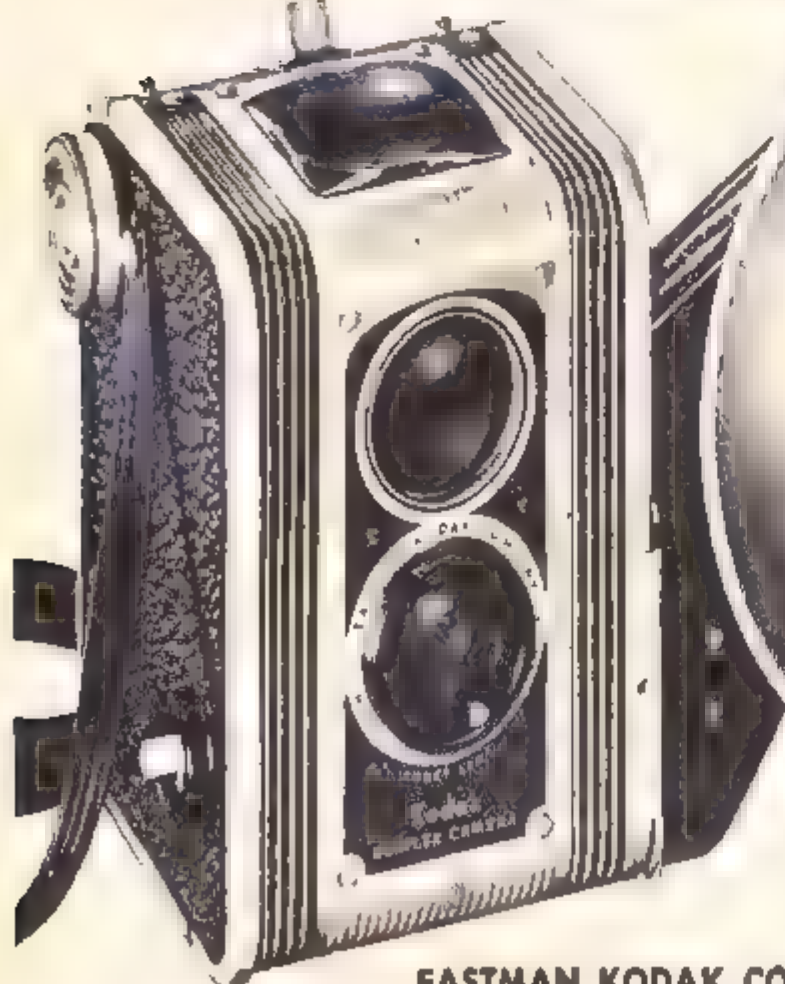
**It's here...
and it's a reflex ...the new
KODAK DUAFLEX CAMERA**

AND IT'S PRICED
SO WE CAN
AFFORD IT!

12 BLACK-AND-WHITE,
OR 9 FULL-COLOR SNAPS
TO A ROLL!

ACCESSORY FLASHHOLDER
SLIPS ON QUICK FOR
INDOOR SNAPS.

BIG AS THE
ONES YOU GET
WITH HIGH-PRICED
REFLEX CAMERAS!



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester 4, N. Y.



Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

WHAT'S YOUR EMOTIONAL AGE?

(Continued from page 19)

If your score on the Emotional Maturity quiz was:

10 or less—**Excellent:** Wonderful if you can reach this point and keep it.

11 to 18—**Good:** Well worth the effort. Perhaps you still can improve a bit here and there.

19 to 26—**Average:** You can "get by" as you are, but there may be several danger spots in your emotional pattern. What are you doing about them?

27 or more—**Poor:** Your emotional development has been slow. However, you are not hopeless as long as you really want to improve and are working hard at the job.

If you are interested in doing something practical about the personality traits that have been throwing you off balance emotionally, the following comments on the previous self-quiz may be helpful in your thinking. Questions you checked in the *Often* column in this quiz especially point to your difficulties. Try to apply the comments on these particular questions to your own situation.

1. Chronic grumbling usually reflects inner feelings of unhappiness and personal "uselessness." If you have been grumbling lately, you need to raise your viewpoint. Don't think so much about your hardships that you forget the good things that come your way.

2. Angry spells that develop over slight provocations may be symptoms of fatigue or physical illness. Temper displays sometimes are means of gaining much-desired attention. Desire for attention is not bad in itself, but using angry outbursts to get it is childish and harmful. Frequent spiteful reactions should prompt you to check up on your general health.

3. Lack of interest lies behind most feelings of being bored. Sometimes it is easier to say a task is boring than to admit you do not have the capacity necessary to enjoy doing it. People not wholesomely interested in other people also find much to bore them.

4. Persistent feelings that you "naturally do and say the wrong things" bring a sense of hopelessness that destroys ambition. Perhaps your life has held so many serious discouragements that you have come to the false conclusion that nothing ever can work out well for you. It may help to make notes for a few weeks of the good things that happen to you. If life still seems too gloomy to bear, unburden yourself to a wise, older friend.

5. Jealousy plunges many girls and boys into gloomy misery. Mild spells of jealousy may be "natural" in little children, but when these feelings hang on too long, they are likely to arise from deeper feelings of not being secure enough yourself.

6. Two of the worst poisons in the world are prejudice and intolerance. They are always distilled from plain ignorance. Unless you are careful, secret ideas that you are not as good a person as you ought to be sometimes hide themselves beneath cover-up feelings that your race is the best race, your religion is the only good one, your way of living is better than all others, and so on. Prejudice and intolerance usually clear up if you turn on the light of mature thinking.

7. A moderate amount of aggressiveness may be needed to win your rightful place in life, but you do not have to be a demanding bully or a know-it-all. It helps in such a problem to look for deeper feelings

beneath the tendency to fight. For example, you may be jealous, and these jealous feelings are showing up in petty fussing. Recognizing the deeper cause helps you channel your energy into better attitudes.

8. Disturbing feelings of guilt come from harboring violent thoughts or ugly desires, however secret they may be, about other people, particularly those you ought to love. Hateful feelings for those you love divide you against yourself. Thus you apply all sorts of self-punishment to rid yourself of guilt.

9. Daydreaming is a pleasant way of sidestepping active solutions to life's problems. Its danger lies in developing the habit of wishful thinking to the point where your "dream plans" are more satisfying than real action.

10. Intelligent, mature individuals do not really believe in magic or luck. There is no "lucky power" in black cats, magic words, four-leaf clovers, rabbit's feet, or in any other lucky jinx or charm, no matter what stories have been built up about these things.

FIND YOUR SOCIAL AGE

If I Have Mastered These Abilities . . . My Social Age Is:

- ☐ Books and newspapers interest me
- ☐ I like to play difficult games
- ☐ I buy many of my own clothes
- ☐ I do things very well with my hands
- ☐ I can do ordinary chores and errands

- ☐ I can write interesting letters **12**
- ☐ Current events definitely interest me
- ☐ I can go on important errands
- ☐ I behave well without close supervision
- ☐ I can manage my own spending money **14**

- ☐ I look after my own health
- ☐ I like to have personal responsibility
- ☐ My private everyday life is in keeping with good standards
- ☐ My school and work plans are practical
- ☐ I get wholesome enjoyment out of being with the opposite sex **16**

- ☐ I am concerned with others' welfare
- ☐ I inspire faith and confidence in others
- ☐ I can do a difficult job with little supervision
- ☐ I can arrange my work efficiently
- ☐ I use both time and money responsibly **18**

11. Tears have a good place in our lives. We ought to be compassionate, sensitive to the troubles of others. However, if you often want to weep when you feel joyful, you probably are out of balance emotionally. Try to express your feelings of joy in pleasant words, happy laughter, and appreciation to others.

12. Life brings disheartening misfortunes to most people. There are times in everyone's life when spiritual strength is about the only thing left. Friends are good to have at such times, but you also need real faith in the care and affection of God.

13. Many fine companionships have broken up over petty differences that were insignificant, often absurd. To dislike a person because he or she disagrees with you might mean that you are not as secure as you ought to be.

14. Praise loses its pleasures when begged or forced. Strong desires for flattering agreement and praise reveal deeper feelings of insecurity, lack of self-confidence.

15. Too harsh criticism of the other fellow probably shows that you emphasize another's shortcomings simply to offset your own failures. Such comments always spotlight the fact that you have lost compassion for others less fortunate.

16. Morbidly thinking about past mistakes does no good. Each of us can well afford to profit from experience, but this is best accomplished in a matter-of-fact way. As long as you learn by your own experiences, you are not so bad.

17. No one ever lived, however brave, who was absolutely fearless. In fact, a certain amount of fear of real dangers is necessary for safety and health. Secret fears, however, only destroy courage without building up healthy caution. If deep fears have browbeaten you long, you may need help from a trusted, older friend to break their hold.

18. Chronic worry easily reaches the stage of anxiety. Then you are likely to feel vaguely worried about everything, yet nothing in particular. Fears you had forcibly "forgotten" can bring on anxious feelings. Overwhelming problems often induce anxiety. Talk things out frankly with your parents, your physician, or your minister.

19. Life for most of us is not just a round of glitter, glamour, and excitement. People who seek only these things are certain to be disappointed. Constant excitement and hilarity dull the appetite for fun and good times, thus bring unhappiness anyway.

20. Continued attempts to avoid the opposite sex usually conceal feelings of not being good enough, or secret feelings of shame and guilt. Good books are available in every library and book store that are helpful in many of these problems.

21. "Too much pep" is an annoying problem to many young people. Sometimes they experience gloomy and listless spells between high spurts of vim. Frequently this condition is simply a passing stage in development, though it may be aggravated by certain glandular disorders. It might be wise to have a session with your family physician.

22. No matter how "safe and sophisticated" secretly leading a double life may seem at the time, emotional conflicts are certain to develop sooner or later to cloud all your fun and sap your self-respect. Every person has secrets that are perfectly normal and wholesome: these are seldom the real causes of dark shame. If you really want peace of mind from a tormenting secret, simply get the thing off your heart to a wise person who cares for you.

23. Wholehearted participation in community programs is an excellent way to build self-confidence and gain poise. It's fun too!

24. Of all the attributes of God, His boundless compassion and infinite mercy exceed the rest. It sometimes helps, when you feel that you have committed terrible sins to talk things over with a wise counselor, perhaps your minister.

25. Objective plans usually clear up problems about your career.

Condensed from "Better Ways of Growing Up," by Drs. John E. Crawford and Luther G. Woodward. Muhlenberg Press, 1948.

WEDDING FOR FOUR

(Continued from page 37)

groom than even the figure atop the wedding cake. But Vicky was beautiful. Her blue eyes—the famous Warren blue eyes—were like two stars. In her gently rustling satin gown she appeared almost unearthly. Janet swallowed hard. Maybe it isn't Vicky—big sister Vick, she thought—maybe it's someone else getting married. If it were only—but just then Vicky sent her a private signal. She winked. And no bride but Vicky Warren would wink at her wedding. That's why Janet loved her so.

The ceremony began, and a deep, beautiful hush fell over the church. This was it—the final, irrevocable gesture that would separate Vicky and herself. From now on, there would be no more big sister there when she needed her. No one to confide in and share secrets. No one but Mom. Janet studied her mother as she stood beside Dad. Sweet, patient, and resilient as a rubber band, but too distracted to be a real confidante. No, there'd be a big hole in her life with Vicky gone.

Her mind reached back to the room she and Vicky shared in their snug white house on Juniper Street. She saw clearly the chintz-hung vanity they both used; the bobby pins, bows, earrings, and lipsticks that collected till cleaning day; the window seat with the worn velvet cushions just large enough for the two of them. How many times they'd curled up there, while the silver oak tapped against the window panes. Or lain gabbling in their twin poster-beds! How many times Vicky had helped her iron out some problem!

Of course, they had fights, too—pillow fights, snowball fights, and plain orperry fights where they genuinely hated each other. But they didn't last long. None of the Warrens could keep a grudge. They had too much sense of humor—if giggling sessions were any evidence. Just thinking about them made her mouth involuntarily stretch into a grin. She tried to control it. Wouldn't she look like the happy moron grinning in the middle of a solemn marriage ceremony?

Ned, she noticed suddenly, was grinning back at her. Oh, Lord, he thinks I'm ogling him or something! She managed to work the grin into a tender little smile. He is handsome though, she thought. Nice regular teeth and those russet eyes . . . and he looks more like his brother Jeff than ever. There were three years difference between them, but a year in the service had managed to wipe out anything that might suggest the "kid brother" about Ned. He was well-mannered to the point of gallantry, with a calm pipe-and-tweedy air about him.

Her glance met his, and Janet felt herself blushing at the flattery in his eyes. For a moment all anxiety about Vicky was crowded out by the memory of those words Ned had whispered to her. . . . It had happened that night they'd gone out in a foursome—Vicky and Jeff, Ned and Janet. It was the weekend of Vicky's engagement party, and Ned had flown in specially from college. They were dancing when he said: "Someday, Janet, you're going to be even prettier than that gorgeous sister of yours, and you're not far from it right now." She remembered her heart fluttering like a crazy pigeon and refusing to quiet down. She also remembered feeling suddenly alone when Ned left for school next day, and thinking how wonderful

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it would be if they could all four be together always.

When Ned's letter came that week, she read it over and over until she knew it by heart. There were words between the lines—she could feel them. Ned felt the same way she did. "We're in love," she confided to her flushed image in the mirror.

The heaviness lifted suddenly from Janet's heart, as a shaft of light struck through the church windows. There was a happy solution to the whole thing. This needn't be the end at all! Nothing had to change—not if she became Mrs. Ned Clayton!

She saw the whole thing. They would live in one of those new two-family houses that were going up—the Jeff Claytons downstairs, the Ned Claytons upstairs. She and Vicky would shop together and plan meals together and maybe even share the cooking. In the afternoons, while the men were away, they'd go to the beach, take in a movie, or maybe bargain-hunt for books and records. Evenings they'd all four go dancing or have gay little parties at home. Oh, it would be ideal—four of them, sharing everything.

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

Vicky was in Jeff's arms. There was a lot of laughter and congratulations, there was Mom weeping, Dad planting a kiss on Vicky's cheek and people milling about cheerfully.

Janet stood rooted amid the confusion until Vicky called her name. Then she flew towards her. Her arms went around Vicky's neck and tears rose to Janet's eyes. "Wait till it happens to you," Vicky was saying breathlessly, "you'll see, Jan—" Someone broke in, and Vicky was swept off into the crowd.

Janet picked her way through the guests, Vicky's words sticking in her mind. Her eyes searched for Ned. He popped up suddenly by her side. "Where you fleeing to?"

"Back to the house. I promised Mom I'd make a last check on everything before the guests arrive for the reception." Looking into his eyes, she felt that crazy flutter again. "Would you like to come and help me?"

"Invitation accepted. C'mon!" He looped his arm casually through hers and set off at a pace not meant for her high heels.

In the car she stole a look at his profile. For a moment her heart sank. He's twenty, she thought, and I'm only sixteen. But she forgot all that when, at a red light he took her hand and said, "My prediction's coming true. You're already one month prettier—"

"Do you really mean it, Ned? You're not just teasing?" There was an urgency in her voice she couldn't control. It was in her eyes, too.

Ned's expression turned serious. "Yes, I really mean it, Jan," he said.

At the door, Ned stopped. "Now I have a question. Do you really mean it?"

Her voice was too thin to be her own. "Of course, Ned. I mean it from the bottom of my heart."

There was a funny look in his eyes then, as if he wanted to kiss her. She wheeled, ran into the house, and busied herself checking the long buffet tables before they were moved out to the back lawn. Ned stood beside her, pretending to help but doing more eating than anything else. "We're pals, aren't we?" he asked.

Surprised at her audacity, she said: "We're more than that, Ned—"

chairs, and the colored dresses of women and children. It had been Janet's idea to have a garden reception and she was proud of the results. She wore herself out being the charming hostess. Her arms ached from dishing out turkey and potato salad. Ned came close. "I'm here to rescue you before you fall under the table from exhaustion," he said.

She let him lead her to the deserted side of the lawn. He pointed to the glider. "Now you lie there while I get you something to eat—"

It was delicious to obey, to feel pampered and cozy. Ned had the manners of a knight.

They were both hungry, and Ned went back for second helpings. After that Janet lay like a lazy kitten in the swing, and Ned lolled in a yellow porch chair. They could hear the buzz from the lawn, occasional laughter, the clatter of coffee cups. "Peaceful now, isn't it?" Ned remarked.

crochet a cag cap



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Janet nodded contentedly. "I love this time of day."

"I often used to imagine just such a scene—when I was in the Army. A quiet lawn, a pretty girl—peace of mind. That was about all I wanted from life."

"And now?" Janet asked. "Is that all?"

Ned lit his pipe before answering. "Yes. Except now I also want to be a lawyer. I've got a few more years of school."

She saw herself making his breakfast before he left for school; staying up with him while he studied for exams . . . "And then?"

"And then I'm going to settle down, get married and have some kids—work—"

Their eyes met, and Ned asked quietly, "And what do you want?"

She thought briefly, then exclaimed, "Oh, I want to be a reporter. And I want to travel a lot. I want to see Paris and London—"

Ned was shaking his head almost disapprovingly. "I don't ever want to go near Europe. Never did want to travel. But go on—tell me more about yourself—"

She felt clamped and all mixed up now. There were cross-purposes in what they both

wanted. She yearned for a happy foursome, but she also wanted to meet a lot of new, interesting people. She wanted to putter around a lawn with Ned, but she wanted to attend shows, concerts, go to fascinating restaurants. She wanted to work, carve a career, make money on her own. She tried to tell all this to Ned coherently, but she felt it was coming out a jumble. "It's hard to put into words," she faltered.

Ned nodded. "I know what you mean—"

The sun had gone down, and a lavender dusk settled around them. Lanterns were being lit. Ned talked on about himself, Janet translating his words into vague little scenes co-starring herself and him, with Vicky and Jeff in the background. Then her mind began wandering. She was ashamed of herself. It's the music, she thought. It makes me restless. The band was tuning up. She wanted to be near it. She wanted to feel the rhythm. "Ned, let's dance—"

His dark eyes were reluctant. "Must we? I mean—just when we're getting down to essentials—about us?"

The gravity of his tone frightened her. "But it really isn't proper of me to desert all the guests this way—"

He leaned toward her. "We're more important to each other than any guests, aren't we?"

Her hands were imprisoned in his. He was drawing her to him. "I could care a lot for you, Jan," Ned was saying. In a minute he would kiss her. Panic welled up in her. She suddenly wanted to flee. Everything about Ned seemed to change. He was no longer Jeff's brother. He was a man—a stranger. He was four years older than she. He was a college man. He was serious—really serious—and she was frightened. She pulled away from him, and a puzzled expression spread over his face. He was about to say something when someone shrieked, "There she is!" and Ned let go of her hands. An odd sense of relief flowed through her.

There followed a dozen familiar assorted greetings. "Hi, Janney!" "H'lo, Warren old gal!" Whitey Dobbs, Jimmy Lands, Ellen Goldman, the red-haired Lewis twins—the whole gang was here—brightening the side lawn like a swarm of fireflies.

"We came to pay our respects to the bride," Whitey explained.

"What a band!" Jimmy said. He romped into the Lindy with an imaginary partner and everyone guffawed.

Janet laughed too. She was conscious of Ned suddenly out of place in the scene. She made a hasty round of introductions.

"How about some dancing? Why droop out here? The night is young—" Whitey couldn't keep his feet still.

Janet let herself be herded to the back lawn. She looked back once for Ned. He was tagging along. She meant to wait for him, but got so interested in Ellen's gossip about the tennis tournament that she forgot. When she turned around again, Ned was gone. She meant to do something about it, but then she spotted Dad and Mom and she let out a shriek. They were doing the Lindy! Dad was puffing like an old locomotive, and Mom was beet-faced and completely out of step, but they'd kept their vow about Lindying at Vicky's wedding. When it was over, she gave them each a big kiss. "You're the most wonderful parents in the world," she whispered, and her heart was suddenly very full of love and gratitude for them.

Whitey Dobbs came over and pumped Dad's hand "Nice going," he congratulated, "but now watch a couple of champs." And before Janet knew it, he had her whirling out on the planked dance-floor.

The garden was bustling like a carnival, and she was sorry she'd missed one second of it. She loved it—the beat of the music, the brassy glow of the instruments. She felt she could dance forever.

Jimmy Lands cut in on Whitey, "Sorry, old boy, I get a whirl with Janney, too." Other couples moved onto the floor. "You look great," Jimmy said. "That's some dress! Listen—I just got the old barge painted up. How'd you like to go racing tomorrow?"

"I'd love it! You know me and boats—" They'd pitter around, get smudged and smeily with tar and salt water. The old barge would sputter and cough, but finally the motor would catch, and they'd spin around the bay. It would be glorious fun!

Janet felt suddenly free again—back on the brink of adventure and excitement. This was where she belonged—dancing, kidding around, day-dreaming, experiencing new people, new things, new horizons. With Ned it was different. He wanted peace, quiet. He was so grown-up. He'd matured a lot in those months in the service. And Vicky—well, Vicky was ready for recipes and ruffled curtains. But she couldn't give all this up—not for Ned—for Vicky or anyone.

She saw Ned in the distance chatting with Jeff. It struck her then that he had never been anything more to her than Jeff's brother—not really—even though she'd tried to tell herself she was in love with him. He was just a way for her to hang on to Vicky a little longer. Put to the test, she'd balked like a frightened calf.

She felt ashamed. She'd cheated Ned: she'd been so afraid to stand on her own she'd almost resented her sister's marriage...

"Jimmy, would you excuse me for a few minutes?" Janet asked. "I've got to see a couple of people about my future."

Janet walked determinedly across the lawn to where Vicky was ensconced in an adoring circle. She maneuvered her off alone. "Vicky—" she started, "I—I hope you'll be very happy with Jeff—" Her eyes misted with tears. "I wish it from the bottom of my heart."

Vicky's arm went around her. "Say, why these tears? I'll have no tears at my wedding." She studied Janet a moment, then added, "Jan, remember that cute little spaniel we lost when we were kids, and it seemed as if life weren't worth living any more? We got a rag doll, remember, and how we did love that rag doll. It wasn't long before we forgot about the spaniel..."

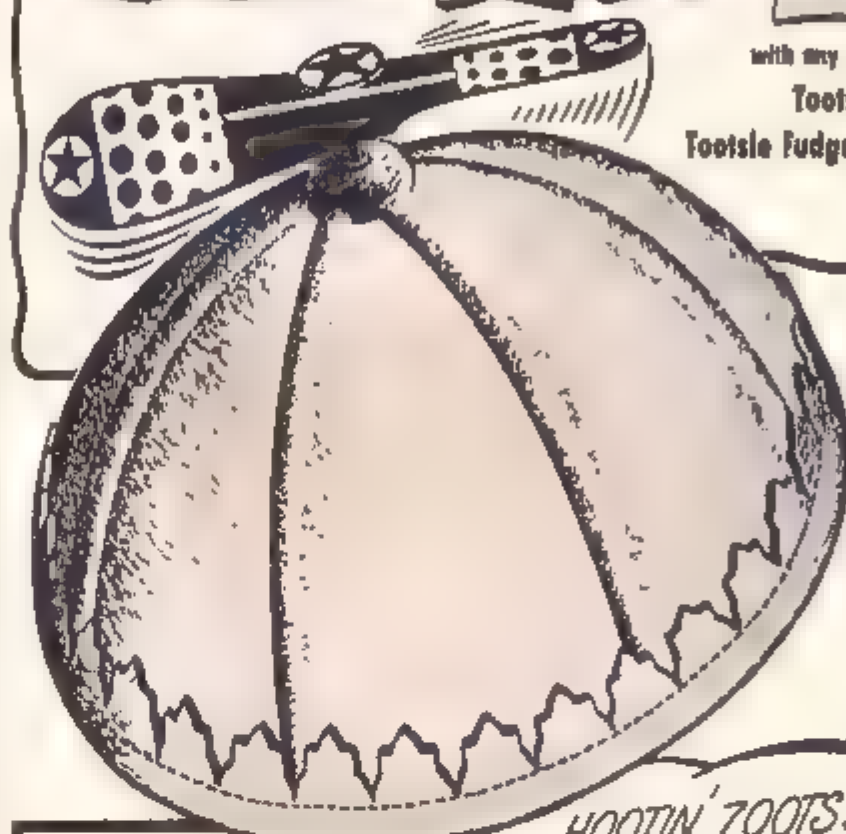
Two more tears splashed down Janet's cheeks. Vicky knew! She'd known all along. Vicky was going to say something more when some departing relatives swooped down on her. But not before she had a chance to wink to Janet. It was their signal, and it meant that everything was okay!

Janet wiped her eyes and started toward Ned. This would be hard, but she had to do it. Somehow she'd have to let him know the truth. He smiled as she approached—his warm, attractive smile, and she thought, "I'm not ready for Ned Clayton—" She felt confused and a little older. She had a feeling of happiness mingled with sadness. There was so much ahead. Perhaps there would be another Ned. Who knew...?

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NOT LIKE IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 23)

had ended up by his being led around like a pet Pomeranian.

This year, Tommy resolved, it was going to be different. He would treat Mabel and the rest of the girls rough and make them chase him as women chased Bel Ami. That way he could keep control of his life and get in some tennis and fishing for a change. Tommy felt pleased with the whole idea. "Women," he said loudly, to get himself into the proper frame of mind, "don't mean a thing to me, not a thing!"

"Oh, that's too bad," said a nice soft voice right beside him. Slowly he turned toward it. Then his heart turned a little handspring. There, not three feet away, was a very cute dark-haired girl.

She held up a tennis racket and smiled. "I'm sorry to disturb your conversation, but I want to borrow a tennis ball."

He nodded absently and his gaze traveled over her face. "Nice," he thought, "Maybe not flashy or glamorous like Mabel, but very nice." His gaze wandered down to her ankles and they were nice too, very nice. Even Mabel's hadn't been any better, he remembered. He looked up at her face again. She had stopped smiling. "Hello," he said.

"Hello, yourself. And now that I've been looked over, do I pass with enough honors to get a tennis ball?"

Tommy yawned. "Oh, the tennis ball. Sure. Right over there on the porch."

"I'll bring it back," she called as she went out the gate.

Tommy waved half-heartedly and then shut his eyes and let the gentle motion of the hammock lull him to sleep.

When he woke up, he blinked in surprise. There, standing beside the hammock, was the girl with the tennis racket. She was smiling.

"I brought the ball back," she said. "The courts were all full."

"They always are in the afternoon."

The smile faded. "You might have told me."

"Yes. Guess I was too sleepy," he explained, and then forgot himself and grinned at her.

"That's about all you were too sleepy to do. Well, thanks for the ball anyway." She tossed it at him and walked out the gate.

"The courts are always free about eight in the morning," he called.

Tommy's mother had seen the girl in the yard and at dinner she asked about her. "Nice?"

"Yeah, if you like that type." He saw her

looking at him closely, and grinned. "No, it isn't love, Mom. She isn't glamorous enough. But you'll probably see her around a lot. With my new technique I'll have her in love with me in a few days."

"And you think it's as easy as all that to win a girl, do you?"

"Sure. Why not? Act indifferent, and they fall right into your arms. Then it's just a matter of picking out the prettiest one."

Mom looked amused. "And that's the one you fall in love with?"

"Sure. Nothing like a pin-up girl to make the guys envy you."

Mom laughed. "The trouble with you is you've never been in love. You just play a game with a lot of glamorous girls and think you're the great lover." She ruffled his hair fondly. "One of these days some sweet young thing will knock you for a loop. Then you'll find that just being yourself is the way to win a girl—when it's the real thing."

It wasn't until bedtime that Tommy thought of the tennis girl again. There was definitely something cute about her, even if she wasn't at all his type. Tommy was almost asleep when he remembered what he had told her about the courts being free at eight. The only trouble was they would be so darn free she wouldn't find anyone to play with. Sleepily he rose and set his alarm clock for seven forty-five. "Of course, I won't get up," he assured himself. "It doesn't fit into my new technique."

When he got to the courts next morning, it was eight-thirty, and the girl was sitting dejectedly on the players' bench. She didn't see him as he came up beside her. Tommy stifled a yawn. "Want to play tennis?" he asked.

"Hi," she breathed, looking up at him with mingled reproach and gratitude. Then she walked silently out onto the court.

"Volley for serve?" Tommy called as he hit a slow one to her.

"Okay," she answered and, after the ball had crossed the net three times, hit a vicious one that Tommy missed by six feet. That woke him up. The girl could really play tennis. She wasn't like Mabel, who thought a tennis racket was something you held up in front of your face so you wouldn't get hit with the ball. Even when he tightened down, she took the first set 6-4, which was the first time he had ever been beaten by a girl. He barely managed to take the next two sets,

and not without fighting hard for them.

"You're good," she said as they rested.

"You're not so bad yourself," Tommy puffed. "You're just a little too active, that's all." Then he took a fatal step. "By the way, I'm Tommy Clark."

"I know. I'm Nancy Williams."

"Summer girl?"

She nodded. "From Madison. I'm staying just two blocks down from your house with my Uncle Bill. He was the one who told me you would have a tennis ball I could borrow."

"Like it here?" Tommy asked, and wondered why he wasn't sticking to his technique and insulting her the way he should be.

She smiled. "I think I will. Want to play another set, Tommy?"

He looked at his watch and shook his head. "Have to go. Pop and I are going fishing. You walking back now?"

"No, I think I'll stay here awhile. Thanks for coming down. You're nice, Tommy," she called as he walked off the court.

"Lot of nerve she's got," Tommy muttered. "Thinking I came down here just to play tennis with her." He kicked a defenseless tennis ball can so hard he hurt his toe.

His mother was working in the kitchen when he got home. He stood in the doorway a moment, thinking how young and pretty she looked, before she glanced up. "Hi, Tommy," she said. "Is everything still on schedule?"

Tommy muttered from behind the hot roll he had picked up from the table and wondered how she managed to keep track of his thoughts so well. "Is Pop ready to go fishing?" he asked, to get the conversation on safer ground.

"Fishing trip is off. He was called to the office and won't be back all day. I'm driving in to meet him for the club dance tonight." She looked at Tommy's disappointed face. "If it weren't for my meeting, I'd go with you, myself."

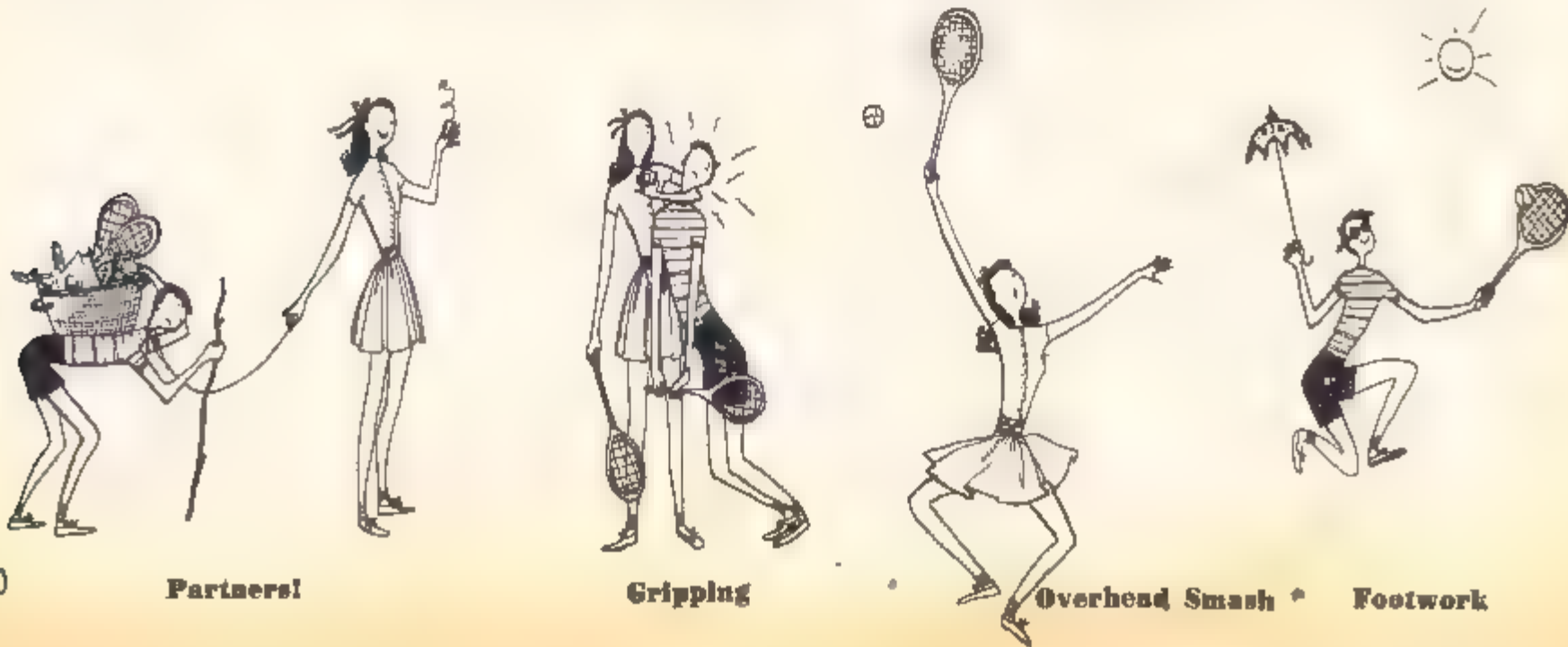
"I know you would, Mom. You're swell."

"Thanks, Tommy. You're pretty nice yourself."

When Tommy came home that afternoon, tired and without a single fish, he flopped into the hammock. Two hours later he woke up with a small but affectionate dog licking his face. He was about to voice his reactions when that nice soft voice came floating into his consciousness again.

"Hello, Tommy. Is this the way you do your fishing?"

Between the white Scotty jumping joyous-



ly up and down on his chest and the sight of Nancy looking very sweet and cool in slacks, Tommy actually smiled at her. "I'm just getting over going fishing, Nancy."

"No luck?"

"Not a bite," Tommy said. He reached down to pet the Scotty. "Your dog?" When he glanced up, he caught a wistful look in her blue eyes.

"Yes. I was taking him for a walk. Like him?"

"He seems to like me, so why shouldn't I like him?"

"I was thinking of something like that," she said. "Where did you go fishing?"

"Down at Horseshoe Pond, around the bend. I guess they aren't biting there this year."

Nancy smiled loftily as she turned to go. "They were biting there yesterday afternoon. Uncle Bill and I caught ten sunfish."

Tommy was so flabbergasted he could only mutter to himself as the Scotty gave him one more lick on the chin and then scampered after her. Tommy rolled over and tried to go to sleep. But this time it didn't seem to work. Every time he closed his eyes he kept seeing that wistful expression he had caught on Nancy's face. That wouldn't do at all, because he knew from experience that he was a sucker for a wistful look. He still couldn't quite believe that one of the summer girls from the city would go fishing. How, he wondered, would Bel Ami have handled a scene involving fish?

At breakfast the next morning he told Mom about it. "Just curious," he hastened to add. "She does have a nice dog though."

"She seems to have a nice boy friend who takes her to Club dances, too."

Tommy took a long time to pick a seed out of his grapefruit. That's fine, he thought. As long as she's with someone else she can't be bothering me. Still, it was surprising. She wasn't following the proper pattern at all. She hadn't even mentioned the dance to him. Struck with the appalling idea that maybe she had just wanted to borrow a tennis ball, Tommy gave the grapefruit a savage dig and got an eyeful of juice.

When he had finished eating, Mom handed him two tickets. "They're for the excursion steamer tonight," she explained. "I knew you never missed one and I thought you might not know about it."

"Thanks, Mom. It's a little early in the season for me to have a ready date, but I'll think of something. And, by the way, do these come out of my allowance?"

"Not if you'll weed the front flower bed."

Tommy started on the flower bed right after lunch, trying his best to keep his mind

on the weeds and fishing and not on Nancy and people who took her to dances. The flowers suffered with him. Every time he thought of Nancy he pulled up petunias by the handful. And he thought of Nancy pretty often. He was about half finished when the white Scotty joined him. He patted the dog and looked around, but Nancy wasn't in sight so he went on pulling weeds, with the dog trying his best to help. It wasn't long before Tommy heard the gate click.

"Anybody seen a dog?" she called.

"Over here, Nancy. I guess he likes me better than he does you." She came over to the flower bed, looking so cute he couldn't make his Bel Ami yawn appear.

"He got away," she explained, holding up a leash and blushing prettily. "We were on our way downtown. Want to come along?"

"Nopa. I have to finish these weeds." That made him think of the tickets. He looked at Nancy again. Like the petunias, the words just seemed to come out by accident, and he was asking her to go.

She looked surprised. "Why, I'd love to. Tommy, if you really mean it."

"Sure I do." Tommy was looking a little surprised himself. He wasn't supposed to ask girls for dates. They were supposed to ask him before he had a chance. "I'll pick you up about seven," he said to Nancy.

He watched her go with a little glow that faded into a sinking feeling as he recalled how badly he was slipping out of character. "This is the very last time," he muttered, and for a few minutes the petunias caught the very dickens.

On the boat that night he decided he had better get the situation under control. While they were dancing, he gave her a shaky line about how little he cared for girls. "I'm tired of girls," he said scornfully. "They bore me." She didn't say anything. "Tonight now—I just happened to have these tickets. But it won't do you any good to come hanging around any more!"

Tommy had been holding Nancy closer than he had realized. Now she pulled away a little, and he waited for the angry scene he had expected. But when she looked up at him, her face wasn't angry as it should have been, just puzzled and a little hurt.

"I—I'm sorry if I've bothered you, Tommy. Why didn't you tell me before how you felt about me?"

"Well—I—"

They danced in silence. Tommy was noticing things—how nice she was to dance with, for instance, and how easy it was to think of her as "his girl."

Later, as the boat was nearing shore again, they went down to the lower deck and sat on a swinging couch while they waited for the boat to dock. Nancy had said hardly a word. That wasn't following the pattern. By now she should have been pleading with him to change his mind about not seeing her again. But she didn't, and as the whistle blew for the landing she got up to go.

"Wait a minute," Tommy said, deciding to make a minor concession. "Are we going to part friends?"

"All right, Tommy. Friends." She held out her hand and gave him a grave smile.

He sat there a moment holding her hand and looking up into her face. And then—he never knew if he gave her hand a little tug or if the boat lurched, but suddenly she had tumbled down on his lap and he was kissing her.

Quickly Nancy pulled away. She gave him one startled look and ran toward the gangplank. Tommy followed her, his mind whirling. When he walked off the boat, she was sitting in the car.

"Please take me home," she said in a very small voice.

At her door she solved his problem of not knowing what to say by not giving him a chance to say anything. "I'm sorry, Tommy," she said in that same small voice. "I—I wish it hadn't happened because I did want to be friends, but—" She turned and fled into the house.

Tommy talked to Mom about it the next day. "Things aren't going quite according to schedule," he told her. "I'm getting a little confused. I can't quite figure Nancy out. She's—well, she seems to be different."

"Oh-oh," said Mom. "This may be the one who will knock you for that loop."

"Aw, she's no better than the rest," Tommy scoffed. "Girls are all alike. She'll be back. She'll think of some reason to come around."

He didn't go fishing that day so he would be sure to be there when she came. Right after lunch there was a phone call for him.

"Tommy?" a soft voice asked.

"Yes," he said, trying to sound casual.

"This," said the soft voice, "is Mabel."

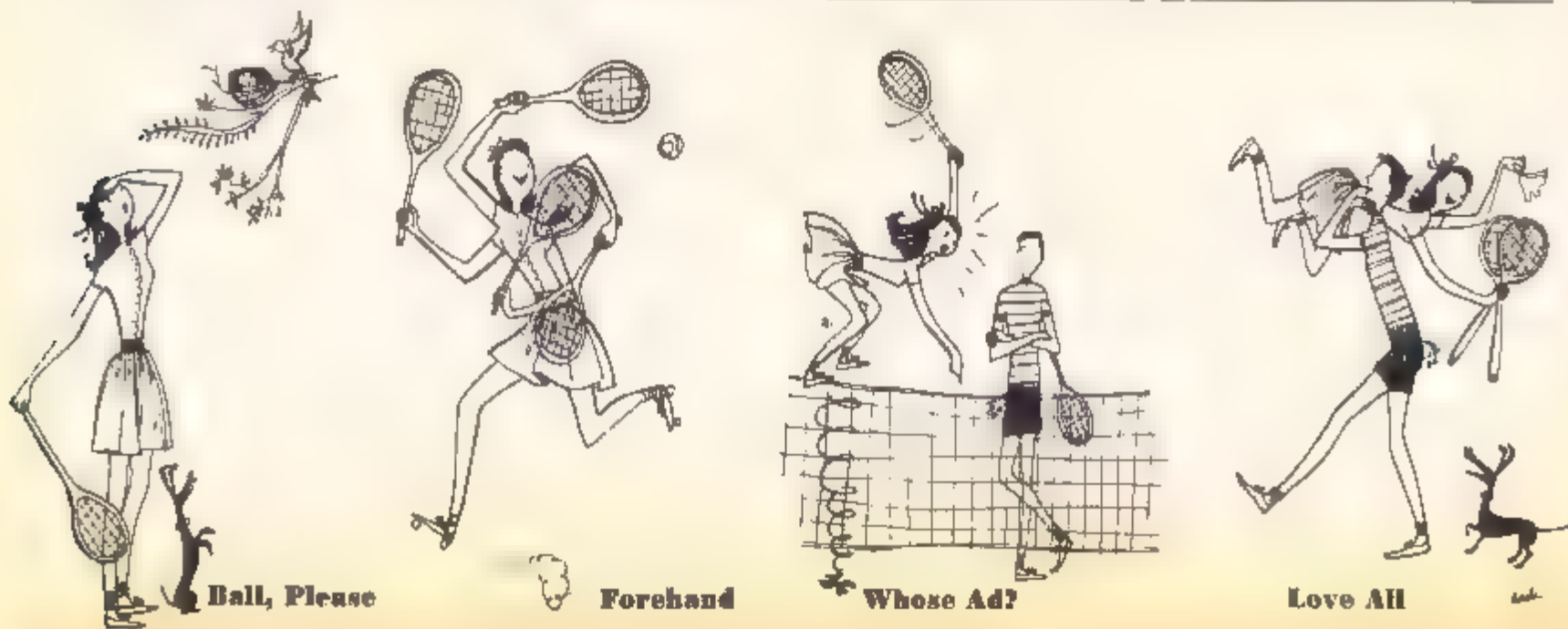
He opened his mouth to speak. Then he thought of last summer and Bel Ami and closed his mouth again.

"Tommy?" the voice asked again, impatiently.

"I thought you were in Chicago," he growled.

"But, Tommy! Don't you want—"

When he went back to the swing he felt considerably cheered. The plan was working on Mabel, so there could be no question of



its working with Nancy. He only had to wait for her to come around.

But she didn't come. Not that day, nor the next, nor the next. Tommy was so disturbed he mowed the lawn two afternoons in a row. Even the fact that Mabel phoned every day didn't cheer him up.

By the fourth day Tommy decided to see who was at the tennis courts. Nancy had nothing to do with it, he convinced himself, but he was unreasonably pleased when he found her there, playing with another girl. When he called hello, she answered and smiled. That was more like it. In a moment she would be coming over to talk to him. But she didn't. She finished her game and began to walk away. He was so startled he broke a cardinal rule and ran after her.

"Hey," he demanded, grabbing her arm,

"don't you like me any more?" She didn't even turn around.

"Yes, Tommy, I like you," she said in that small voice again. "Now and then when you stop fighting with yourself, I like you."

He decided to ignore the last part of that. "Well, then, why the cold shoulder?"

She whirled, her eyes flashing. "I said hello, didn't I? That's being friendly. I thought that was what you wanted!" She pulled away and walked off, head high, her glistening black hair swinging.

Tommy spent the rest of that day trying to get the whole situation straight in his mind. Early that evening, sure only that he had to see Nancy, he wandered down toward her house. Her Uncle Bill was in the front yard, reading the evening paper.

"Hi, Bill," Tommy said. "Is Nancy here?"

"Nope." Bill puffed at his pipe. "She went fishing. Told me not to tell anyone where she went." He winked at Tommy. "Wouldn't be surprised if you found her down by the willows, though." He turned back to squint at his paper in the fading twilight, but when he looked up again, Tommy was still standing there. "Well, what are you waiting for now?"

"I was just thinking. Say, Bill, have you a fishpole and some bait I could borrow?"

"Got a pole you can have," Bill said, grinning. "Don't think you need any bait, though." He disappeared around the house and returned in a moment with a bamboo pole. "It's a little weak," he said, indicating a section wrapped with black tape. "But I guess it'll catch what you're after."

When Tommy reached the willows, he found Nancy sitting with her pole propped up in front of her while she absently petted the little Scotty and watched the moon coming up over the river. "Well, I'll be darned," Tommy said, trying to look amazed. "Catching any, Nancy?"

She gave him a startled look and shook her head.

"Mind if I throw my line in here, too?"

She shook her head again.

"Funny meeting you down here like this. I hadn't tried it at night this summer, so I just kind of drifted down." He bent carefully over his tackle. When he looked up from casting his line, she was smiling.

"You're a fake, Tommy," she said breathlessly, with eyes on the taped section of his fishpole. "You don't even have any bait. And you drifted down past my house because that's one of Uncle Bill's fishpoles. I was with him when he broke it."

Tommy looked at his bobber sheepishly. Nancy began to laugh. He hadn't known the simple sound of a girl's laughter could make his heart leap the way it was doing now. "I guess your Uncle Bill sort of double-crossed me," he muttered.

He looked at Nancy. Their eyes met and held. Far back in his mind he could hear Mom's voice saying, "... you'll find that just being yourself is the best way to win a girl when it's the real thing."

Nancy was still laughing. "Wouldn't Uncle Bill loan you any bait?" she teased.

Tommy was staring at her in growing wonder. "He told me he didn't think I needed any."

She blushed. And suddenly that look was in her eyes again. Only it wasn't a wistful look, he decided. It was a tender, searching look that said: "Bill's right, Tommy. You don't need any bait. I'm here if you want me, without any pretending. But I won't chase you. You'll have to come to me."

All at once he relaxed. The tension drained out of him. He felt the way he did when he was safe behind the final curtain at a school play and knew he could stop acting. Bel Ami was suddenly just a make-believe character in a make-believe story. It was part of a childish game that was behind him. But this night was not make-believe. It was very real.

"Nancy," Tommy whispered. "I—I guess I've been mixed up—I guess I've been wrong about a lot of things—especially about you."

And then he moved over to sit close to Nancy, with her hand in his.

Beside them, the little white Scotty cocked his head to one side as two fishpoles slid into the water and went drifting downstream.

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AND NOW FAREWELL

(Continued from page 17)

Only now it would be all the time. Alone on the little mezzanine balcony, with Mr Clarendon's invoices and charge account statements.

"That's perfect," she whispered, and looked away. It must have been the right answer, because Darlene nodded vigorously.

A kind of quiet fell over the room, but it had an undertone of whisper and suppressed mirth. A shuffling, restless sound. Hearing it, Miss Jackson softened. "I know exactly how happy and excited you are," she said. "I was graduated from high school once myself."

An outlaw giggle hid itself somewhere in the big room and Ellen almost echoed it. They expected you to be happy and excited. Miss Jackson, Mother, Paula, her sophomore sister. Even Dad did. "Well, El," he had announced at the breakfast table, "this is the big week, isn't it? What's that program again?"

"Baccalaureate was yesterday, Dad," Ellen had said. "Today we practice and get our yearbooks, Tuesday, the Juniors put on their assembly. Wednesday evening, the Senior Farewell Dance. Thursday morning, the Senior Breakfast, and—" she tried to sound enthusiastic—"Friday night—graduation."

They hadn't seemed to notice that her tone was counterfeited. Paula said, "Gee!" enviously, "and I've got two more whole years to wait."

"They'll pass," Ellen had said flatly.

Dad had left for work, and Paula bounced off for school, but Ellen lingered.

Finally, though, she'd put on the gray Senior sweater with its organization pins winking all in a cluster, and had done a turn in the living room. "How do I look?" she'd asked her mother.

"Like a very pretty girl who's beginning Graduation Week," Margaret Carter had smiled, her eyes soft from seeing into long ago. "You'll never forget it, Ellen, because it's yours completely. Almost more than any other week in your whole life."

Then, for no reason at all, she'd kissed Ellen goodbye at the doorway.

"All right!" Miss Jackson snapped, her old brisk self again, "line up in the order on those slips of paper I gave out. This is the only practice you'll have."

The whispered undertone gave way to a jostling confusion. Ellen let herself be swept along within it, until she found her place behind Betty Reagan and Bill Roundell. Her own partner was a boy named Bert Dennis; she hardly knew him.

Ellen glanced up the long line, searching for Darlene. She found her, too far away for talk, laughing at something her partner had just said. And up beyond her was Marilyn's red hair, with blond Virginia just behind. "I'm alone even here," Ellen thought soberly. "I have to be tall and march with Bert Dennis just because he's my height."

She shot him an angled, hidden glance. He was a plain, sandy boy who took a lot of shop courses. "No college for him, either," Ellen told herself. "He'll be the only one left in town."

Behind her, somebody pushed, and Ellen turned. It was Tracy Lightner, who had been on her prom committee last year—when Ellen was Decorations Chairman. "El! Aren't you taller than I am?"

Ellen managed to smile. I guess not, Tracy. Anyway, here I am.

Tracy giggled. "Don't you feel silly, El?"

"Sort of."

"I mean, lined up like this. Why don't they just hand us our diplomas?"

Ellen shrugged. "I guess they like to do it this way. They want a show, I suppose."

"Where're you going next year?" Tracy chattered. "I mean, I'm going to Fresno State."

"I'm not going to college," Ellen said.

Tracy looked as if she'd said it in another language. "Not going? You? But—why?" Her mouth was round with surprise.

Ellen thought, "Am I going to have to explain to her, too? That my father and mother won't—"

At that moment, though, somebody at

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"Vacation? But who's going to hear me recite my Latin verbs?"

Gag by June Lewis, Malden, Mass.

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"Attention, class! Here's Mr. Watkins!"

The bustling stopped like a curtain falling. Mr. Watkins was the principal, a reserved, distant man who gave or withheld approval.

He addressed the whole group. "I'm going to show you how to receive your diplomas now, and then, as soon as the music begins, march in and we'll run through the whole performance. Miss Jackson, you act as President of the School Board."

Laughter! The line sagged as everyone tried to get a better view.

"Walk with a good swing," said Mr. Watkins, "like this! And take your diploma in your *left* hand. You want your right free—" he took the woman's extended hand—to shake hands. Mr. Jonathan will congratulate you. This is a big moment in your young lives. And smile—" Mr. Watkins smiled—"if you still have the strength. Then walk around and take your place in line. Remain standing, moving up a seat at a time, until the row is finished. Then sit down together."

He paused. "Any questions?"

Ellen saw John Kirkland, at the rear of the room, raise his hand.

"John?"

"Mr. Watkins," the tone was imploring, "does he have to read our middle name?"

The principal smiled again. "Yes, John," he said. "Middle names are part of the graduation." His voice dropped. A conspirator's tone. "If you'll promise never to breathe a word of it, I'll tell you a secret. My middle name is Marion."

Light, nervous laughter.

"Ellen Rachel Carter," said Ellen in her mind, and added

"'48!" There was nothing funny about it, though, rather, it had a somber, final sound.

Mr. Watkins left the room. "Straighten that line," said Miss Jackson. "No mistakes, now. There's a corporation president in town who will never forget that he stumbled in a graduation line."

The line stiffened its backbone. The faint, clicking, brassy sounds of the band getting set reached them through the open doors. Then a fractional silence before the music began. Long, unfamiliar marching notes.

"Listen to that band. Hot, eh?" somebody said.

The line inched forward, coming out of its close order at the doorway, to a full-pace interval between the marching couples.

It was Ellen's and Bert's turn now. Bert was out of step. "He'll probably do this at graduation," Ellen thought. She saw him stumbling that night, grabbing her, and bringing them both down in a heap.

The yearbooks came out almost immediately after practice was over. That is, for Seniors. Other classes got theirs Wednesday. It was supposed to be part of the honor, and

each Senior name was stamped in gold on the leatherette cover.

"Sign here, El," they came to her, tugging her arm and thrusting a book into her hands. "Quick, here's your picture."

"All right. You be signing your picture."

"Oh, darn this pen!"

As she wrote, a tiny feeling like guilt crept over Ellen Carter. "Remember the Sophomore Hop," her fingers moved. Or: "We had fun in the Junior Play!" Little empty words, shallow, when they should be fine and big, saying indelibly how tender were the memories they bore, and how quickly vanished their precious moments.

Ralph Gordon came up, brandishing a pen. "See you at Cal next year," he wrote in his big hand.

Ellen stared foolishly at the words. "But I'm not going, Ralph," she said, faintly.

He looked up in surprise. "I thought you said—" he began. Then: "Oh, well, you'll change your mind again. Woman's privilege. Just let it stand." He moved away, grinning.

The bell rang for class. Darlene came looking for her, and Marilyn and Virginia. "Isn't it mad?" Darlene said. "Everyone trying to sign yearbooks at once? You'd think this was the last time we'd ever be together."

Maybe it is, Ellen thought.

The four girls walked together, out of the auditorium and across the wide lawn. "Well," said Virginia, "it won't be exactly the same after this. Gosh, El, I wish you could go to Cal with Marilyn and me. That would."

Darlene stopped dead still. "Marilyn!" she interrupted, "did she talk you into it?"

"She did," said Marilyn in her bright voice, which, like her hair, seemed to toss off sparks, "and Mother said it was all right. Gosh, Darlene, why go to a girl's college in this day and age?"

"Why not?" said Darlene.

Marilyn caricatured a sigh. "Answer her in one word, Virginia."

"Men!"

"Lush college men," Marilyn chattered. "Scads of them, Darlene. Simply battalions."

"And a good school," Virginia added wisely. "The

best profs and courses, my father said. Of course, Smith and the others are good, too."

"Hm-m!" Darlene mused, her foot tapping.

In silence, Ellen listened, and her heart was cold with the silence. An instant earlier, they had been four fast friends walking together. Now there were only three, drawn close by a subtle, invisible bond.

"Hm-m!" said Darlene again. Then she seemed to notice Ellen. "What would you do, El? Are mere men worth it?"

Ellen Carter met her dancing eyes; then she looked away. "I don't know," she replied, fighting down sudden resentment against these girls, her family, this whole



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- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats
- Confectioners' sugar

1. Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice.
2. Add vanilla wafer crumbs, and mix well.
3. In a separate bowl, mix dates and nut meats.
4. Place large piece of waxed paper on table top or kitchen counter. Sprinkle paper with confectioners' sugar.
5. Place crumb mixture on sugared paper. Pat or roll mixture into 8 by 10-inch rectangle.
6. Spread date mixture evenly on this rectangle.
7. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in clean waxed paper.
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THOUGHTS WHILE NOT THINKING

By Morey Amsterdam
(WHN Comedian)

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empty week which was making her a lonely stranger in her own crowd.

At the dinner table that evening, Paula asked her about the day. Ellen shrugged. "We practiced this morning, and signed year books. Then we went to class."

"Was it fun, dear?" her mother asked. Ellen smiled. "Oh, yes," she lied. Her father looked at her sharply, and said nothing.

Later, when Margaret Carter was working at something in the back of the house, and Paula had gone to the movies, he found Ellen sitting on the living room alone.

"Dreaming?" he asked. "Uh-huh," she said. "I suppose I am." She didn't look at him.

He took a chair opposite her, and a silence came and sat between them like a third person in the room. When he spoke, Henry Carter's words sounded as if they had been a long time testing themselves. "You know," he said quietly, "it sort of worries a man."

"What does?" "Why, this growing up. It's so fast. I remember when I was a boy getting out of high school. Everything seemed to take so long, and he so important. And then the future caught up with me almost before I could turn around."

Ellen turned and looked at him. His lips were smiling, but his eyes weren't. "What does—" she was going to say "that have to do with me." She changed it. "What do you mean, Dad?"

His eyes became veiled, as if they knew a secret. "Just that a while ago you were a little girl in grammar school. And then yesterday, it seems, you were a big girl going out on your first date alone."

Ellen smiled. "Ronny Parker," she remembered. "He was so funny. I think he was scared of me."

Henry Carter didn't smile. "And now next week you're a young woman with responsibilities of your own. Earning your own way, making your own decisions about things. Why, you'll be—" the word came hard to him—an adult—and I'll have to—"

He didn't finish. Margaret Carter came in then. "Come back and try on your dress now, E," she said. "I've finished the alterations."

As she slipped the new formal over her head, Ellen thought about her father. He had been trying to tell her something, and he didn't quite know how. But she knew. "It's over now," he was saying, "this being one of the crowd and having fun. You're not going along with them because you're special. They get to go to college, and you get to be an adult."

"El," Margaret Carter was plucking at the waist of the dress for a vagrant thread. "you're lovely. You look so grown-up."

Ellen glanced in the mirror. It was true. The simple, chaste lines of the formal lent a maturity to the contour of her face, and a new sheen to her dark hair. Her eyes lit with pleasure. "It does do something," she said. "I look—" She broke off. Mother, too, telling her that it was all over and that she was "grown-up" now. "It's a beautiful dress," she finished.

The assembly on Tuesday afternoon came and went. Three of the Junior girls stirred a big black kettle and gave the Prophecy, and then Kate Burkhart and Marjorie Man-

ning read the will. Afterward, the whole Junior Class put on a skit, each one with a placard around his neck with a Senior's name lettered upon it.

The dance Wednesday night was gay, argently gay. Bob Chowning had brought Ellen, in the dreamy float of the new formal, and Marilyn was with Tommy Porter. There were streamers and confetti in the big gym, and a good dance band on the platform.

Finally, it was the last dance, and Bob was there. He seemed strangely quiet. Lately, he was brimful of talk, like ginger ale too high in the glass.

"What's the matter, Bob?" she asked. "Nothing."

"It's been a nice dance, hasn't it?" "Sure. Swell."

Something was bothering him. El wondered about it; wondered if he were angry. And the last dance ended on that note.

They stood there, in the center of the floor, applauding. And then the orchestra began to play "Aloha Oe," while the Seniors, '48, stood very still on the glittering floor, trying hard not to look into each other's eyes. Suddenly, Ellen Carter knew what was the matter with Bob—and with all of them.

In this moment, they felt like her. They had learned just now what she had known a long time: that the last dance was over surely, over for a hundred years.

The gay mood was back in the Roxbury Sky Room, Thursday morning, though. "E, tell it, too," just at the last minute before she left home, her mother had brought a corsage from its hiding place in the refrigerator and pinned it for her. Its scent was heady.

The breakfast was delicious, and afterward, everyone made speeches. Even Ellen. They pushed her up, blushing and scared. "I'll always remember you," she said, and sat down. Applause eddied around her.

And then—it was Friday night, and suddenly, Ellen Carter stood in line in the cafeteria beside Bert Dennis, just as if there had been no Graduation Week at all.

Only now she was in her cap and gown like all the others. And on her wrist was a thin gold watch, whispering its secret of surprise. "From Mother, and Dad, and Paula," the card had read. "With love—"

Beside her, Bert Dennis stirred. "El," he whispered, his big hands fumbling with the mortarboard, "is this thing on right?"

Ellen cocked her head. "Yes," she said.



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critically. "only—" she smiled. Here, let me fix it for you, Bert." She reached upward; the huge sleeves fell back and the new watch glittered in the warm light.

Up in front of the room, Miss Jackson stood again. A different Miss Jackson. She wasn't a drillmaster now, rather an experienced friend who had been through all this many, many times before. "Five minutes," she said. "You look beautiful. Yes, you do—all of you!" Not severe, but with a vibrant catch of deep sincerity in her voice.

Outside, even through the closed doors, they heard the auditorium alive with murmurs. They were out there, the mothers and fathers and friends. Ellen's mother and father. The minutes ticked away.

And now—

The long, marching notes. Miss Jackson gave the signal; the first couple took a deep breath and stepped away. And the next—At last, Ellen and Bert stood there together and moved into the blaze of lights. Ellen Rachel Carter, '48, who couldn't go to college, and at her side, Bert Dennis, plain sandy boy, who marched perfectly, head erect and proud.

At last they were seated and looking down into the sea of faces. The speeches were made, the honors presented. Finally, the moment came. The names.

Arthur Henry Austin, Marilyn Frances Dodge, Darlene Cora Porter, Virginia Katherine Sayers.

Then the one name. Ellen Rachel Carter!

Across the stage now! Remember, take the diploma in your left hand. And smile—

Yes, smile as if you were a high school was over. Grown-up now in your cap and gown. An adult, your father said—down there watching you.

Ellen crossed the stage; she smiled. She waited in her row until all were done.

After the singing of the Alma Mater, they walked down from the stage and became individuals once more, receiving congratulations, welcoming friends. They stood there, holding their breaths—so that none might see

(Continued on following page)

Tricks for Teens

QUICK CHANGE—Your sun-back dress will do double duty for you this summer if you make a brief little bolero of material of matching or contrasting weave. In the contrasting weave idea, for instance, white piqué is smart with cotton plaid, seersucker or broadcloth. *Susie Aguilar, Fort Worth, Tex.*

A practical way to have the new "petticoat look" is to get enough ruffle to go around the bottom of your skirt and sew snaps at short intervals on the band of the ruffle. Sew the other half of the snaps around the inside hem of your skirt at the same intervals as on the ruffle. You can be re-ruffled any time you want by simply snapping it into place. You'll be sure it shows just the right amount, and laundering is much simpler. *Betty Anne Cashman, Syracuse, N. Y.*

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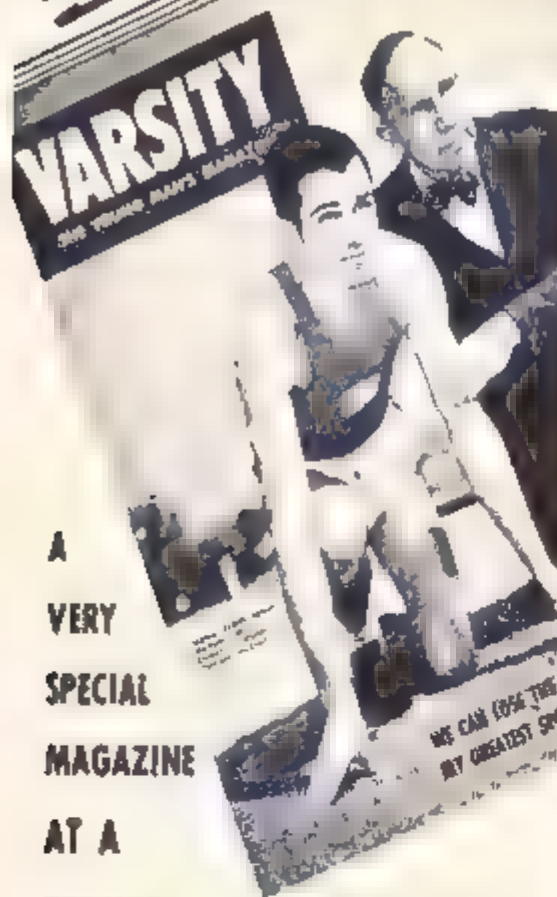


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CAG 74

how close they were to tears, and all might know that even this great moment nothing could shake them, the Seniors of '48!

"My big girl," said Margaret Carter, giving Ellen a squeeze. Her eyes were damp, and she was smiling wonderfully.

Henry Carter shook her hand ceremoniously. "Congratulations," he said gruffly.

Even Paula, "You were super up there," she said. "Let me see your diploma. Gosh! I can hardly wait for mine."

Ellen smiled for them all. "The watch is beautiful, Mother," she said. "I won't ever be able to thank you enough."

"Don't try," said her mother. "It's just a remembrance."

Later, at Marylin's, they danced and drank their cokes. They were all there, Ellen's crowd. Darlene and Virginia, Vera and Johnny, Bob and Tommy, of course. A dozen times they looked at each other's diplomas. And laughed. But mostly, they talked—of the year—of things which had happened.

The Senior Ditch Day at the beach. The play, and how Bud Randolph had almost knocked down one of the flats in the middle of the second act. About Maidell Curtis, who had married in February and gone away to Seattle. They talked of everything—until finally, they talked of themselves.

In silence, Ellen listened! Strange! They had been so sure of themselves all this week, and now they were solemn and intent. Yes, and a little uncertain.

"You know," Marylin said abruptly, "after tonight everything seems so much closer, and—and real. Just think, up there at Cal they have thousands of kids. We'll be lost sheep! It kind of scares me to think about it."

Ellen looked hard at Marylin. What a thing to say about a chance to go to college and stay with the crowd. "Oh, Marylin!" she said almost crossly.

At eleven-thirty they began to go home.

The car she rode in was jammed, and the laughter came again. They let Ellen out in front of her house. "See you this summer!" somebody called as the gears changed tune, and the car moved away.

She watched the island of light go down

the street until it turned a corner and was gone. "See you this summer!" she whispered after them.

She glanced across the lawn. There was a light still on in the house, and behind the curtain, a shadow moved. Mother and Dad! They were waiting up for her, and Ellen knew why.

They knew this moment was coming, when something precious in your life went around a corner and into the night, promising things about one more summer which could never be fulfilled. They said you could never forget it, and you couldn't. They waited up for you to look close and see how you were taking it.

"Well, how am I taking it?" Ellen asked herself suddenly.

Far out, across the town, a diesel on the Santa Fe high iron sent its moan across the valley, haunting it and troubling it. Complaining, maybe, that the world was wide, and that there were mountains to climb, and rivers to cross. Ellen heard all that in the mournful sound. "Why?" she said aloud.

All at once, with insight's lightning, it came to her. The answer. Tonight there was a river to cross. They all had reached it, Marylin, and herself; and Maidell Curtis on a February in Seattle. And some rivers were narrow and some were wide.

But cross them you must, because you grew—each in his own way. Ellen saw the quiet sky above her, where the stars wheeled in their cold brilliance, and spun a beckoning garland around the world. "I can work," she thought, "and save. Maybe next year—"

Within the house, the shadow moved again. "It's yours completely," her mother had said, "almost more than any other week in your whole life." Well, it had been, after all. A week of decision.

Suddenly, the resentment melted out of Ellen. They all grew, the Seniors. Only she had been asked to grow a little faster.

In the moonlight Ellen Carter looked at the little gold watch on her wrist, and the hands stood erect at twelve o'clock. "Midnight!" she thought at first.

And then: "No," she told herself softly. "Tomorrow!" And smiling, she went in.

SPEAKING AS A FATHER

(Continued from page 21)

and for building toward a happy and successful life. Can you imagine really liking someone you can't trust, someone you can't count on, whose simplest statement you secretly suspect isn't so? Honesty is often the hard way, and the truth hurts sometimes, but it's worth it.

There's a lot to be said, too, for giving others the benefit of the doubt, for delaying your reactions—counting to ten, as it were—not so much in matters of hasty temper as in hasty judgments. What a world of misunderstanding we could avoid if we'd wait until we knew the facts! Put yourself in the other person's place and try to see how you would have acted, what you would have done in that situation. Once you've done that, it isn't nearly so easy to condemn others for their actions. In your mind you can put yourself in another's place, and you'll not only grow in understanding by doing that—you'll find it an exciting adventure. And you won't be guilty of pat reactions toward people or races, nor of hasty, half-baked judgments.

What about conventions? Is it ever safe

to turn your back on the rules of behavior and "do as you please"? You don't have to be a slave to the etiquette books in order to be liked, but I think the road's a little smoother if you stick to the main-traveled routes. Good manners, like walking, should be automatic once they're learned. When you have moments of rebellion against "stupid rules" of good behavior, remember that those rules weren't set up in order to plague you, but are helpful guideposts. As for more serious breaks with convention, life is a lot simpler if people don't have an opportunity to talk about you.

Last of all, but maybe it's first in getting people to like you, is being yourself. Not your lowest estimate of yourself—but the self you most want to be. Putting on a phony act won't do it—you can't fool people for long. But day by day giving your very best performance, trying to better it, throwing yourself wholeheartedly into the role of you as you really want to be, that's the way toward stardom in the most exciting drama of all—a truly happy and satisfying life.

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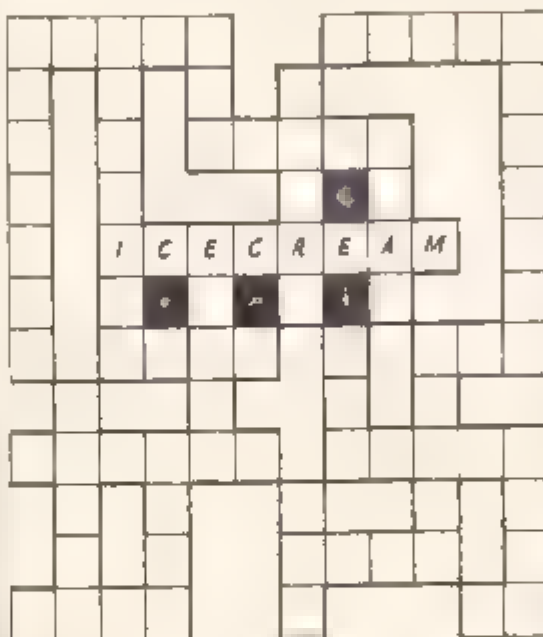
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PUZZLERS' POST

Around a Circus

Most of the words below belong to the circus—all of them belong in the squares. For instance, that up-and-down column with the letter I in it has 7 squares. One of the 7-letter words fits in there, and of course it has to be the one in which I is the fifth letter. Catch on? There are two more 7-letter columns—and two more 7-letter words to fit into them. Hey, we'd better stop this or we'll be working the whole puzzle for you!



2 letter word:

We

3 letter words:

Asp

Net

Ape

Cat

4 letter words:

Roar

Hogs

Pony

Vets

Ache

Kids

5 letter words

Horse

Eagle

Sport

Candy

6 letter word:

Monkey

7 letter words:

Ostrich

Costume

Acrobat

8 letter word:

Ice cream

Father's Day Quiz

It's a wise child who knows these fathers. So test yourself on the questions below—all the answers contain the word father—then you might test your father on them too.

1. What is the Mississippi sometimes called?
2. What is another name for the ocean?
3. Who is the "old man with the scythe"?
4. What was the President of the U. S. once called by the American Indians?
5. Who came to this country in the Mayflower?
6. Who was Hippocrates?

Answers to puzzles on page 60



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(Continued from page 29)

the ninth of June. But center your lines in the same pattern as the engraved card.

There may be a calling card enclosed with your invitation giving a pew number. This is your ticket for a reserved seat. Be sure to take it with you.

About wedding presents: Don't feel you have to pay your way to a wedding by sending a wedding present. You should only send a gift because you really want to.

There is absolutely no have-to about it. What shall you wear? At a big fancy afternoon or evening affair, you may wear a long dress. At a daytime wedding, a street-length dress, hat and gloves.

About actually going to the wedding: This is one time that it is not fashionable to be late. Try to arrive at the church a good fifteen minutes to a half hour before the time of the ceremony. You won't be seated if

you arrive late. So take your invitation or card of admission and get there early. When you enter the church walk to the foot of the center aisle and wait for an usher. He will come up to you and ask if you want to sit on the bride's side or the groom's side. In case you're a friend of both, you'll just have to take a choice. You're not committing yourself to anything! Then he will offer you his arm and escort you down the aisle.

When the strains of the wedding march ring out, the guests usually stand and turn to watch the bride. From then on, the standing, sitting or kneeling you do depends upon the religious nature of the ceremony. You can always take your cue from the people in front of you.

After the ceremony: The guests always stay at their seats until the ushers have escorted the ladies of the intimate families who were seated in the first pews to the door of the church. Then the other guests find their way out by themselves.

The reception: The first order of things to do at the reception is to congratulate the bridal couple—that is, you congratulate the groom and wish the bride a happy future. Fall into the receiving line. The first person you meet will probably be the bride's mother. Just in case you don't know her, give your name as you shake hands, and then say something nice about the wedding. Then you shake hands with the other people receiving, whether or not you're introduced. When you reach the bride and groom, make your greeting brief so you won't hold up the line. But talk about them, not yourself. This is strictly their day.

If there is a sit-down meal of some sort, you find a table. If the food is buffet, just circulate, serve yourself, and be sociable.

When to leave the reception: Usually the wedding guests leave after they've thrown their rice at the departing newlyweds. But many wedding celebrations go on long after the bridal couple have departed. You can leave earlier if you wish, but weddings being fun, you'll probably want to stay.



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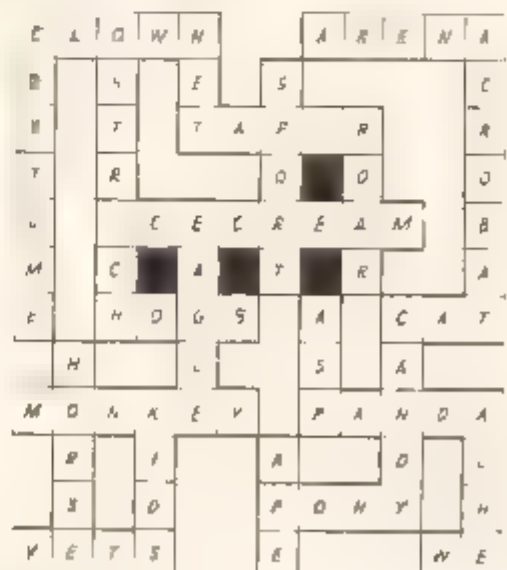
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PUZZLER'S POST

Answers to quizzes on page 59

Around a Circus



Father's Day Quiz

1. Father of Waters
2. Father Neptune
3. Father Time
4. Great White Father
5. Pilgrim Fathers
6. Father of Medicine

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THE WHITE TERRY SEA SHIRT

She sells sea shells by the Sea Shore—and she wears a dazzling white cotton Terry Cloth Sea Shirt over practically everything. The particular "She" on our cover is Sally Sue Stephenson, who came to New York from Kansas City, Mo. about a year and a half ago and has made good with the Society of Models. She's five feet, five and a half inches, weighs 107 pounds, and her favorite hobbies are philately (stamp collecting, to you), piano playing (yes, she can produce a bass like Francis Craig) and swimming—she swims like a mermaid. She loves picnics—and will probably wear a Sea Shirt to the next one she goes to. Her favorite comic strip is Terry and the Pirates, her favorite movie star is Ingrid Bergman. She has Ingrid's natural, soap-and-water type of beauty.

Now, about that Terry Cloth Sea Shirt on the front cover. It's by Cole of California—which means it's perfectly tailored. Sizes 10 to 16, about \$11 and you can order it by mail from: Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Ill., Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y., The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and Loveman's, Chattanooga, Tenn. The horse's style feed bag by Beezee. To keep your hair soft and shining like Sally's under the summer sun, shampoo all the sand out of it at least once a week with a good creme shampoo. Flaunt Harriet Hubbard Ayer's "And Red" lipstick against your summer sun tan and guard against blistered and dry skin with generous applications of Dorothy Gray's sunburn cream.



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PARTY PUNCH WITH SCHOOL SPIRIT

(Continued from page 27)

refrigerator tray and turn into a well-chilled mixing bowl; beat until fairly stiff with a rotary egg beater (about 1 minute). Fold egg whites into kola mixture; return to refrigerator and continue freezing. When mixture begins to set, stir well with a spoon. Continue freezing until firm. Makes 1½ quarts.

To prepare Punch: Transfer frozen Kola Mousse to punchbowl. Open remaining bottles of well-chilled carbonated beverage and slowly pour into punchbowl. Makes about 1¼ gallons punch. Serves 12-14 guests, allowing 3 punch-size cups per person.

CLASS COLOR: Purple, Blue, Lavender

GRAPE AMBROSIA (Serves 16-18)

- 13 bottles grape soda (12-oz.) size
- 2 bottles lithiated lemon-lime soda (7-oz. size)
- 2 egg whites
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup grape jelly
- ¼ cup lemon juice

Place unopened bottles of carbonated beverage in refrigerator to chill thoroughly.

To prepare Grape Fizz: Add salt to egg whites in mixing bowl; beat until stiff but not dry. Whip grape jelly and lemon juice into beaten egg whites. Open one bottle of grape soda. Pour into bowl slowly and fold it into the meringue mixture. Transfer to refrigerator tray immediately and freeze.

When mixture is frozen to a snow-soft consistency, remove from refrigerator and turn into a well-chilled mixing bowl; beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and blended (about 1 minute). Quickly return to refrigerator tray and continue freezing. Remove from freezing tray when mixture begins to set and beat again. Return to refrigerator and freeze until firm. Makes about 1 quart.

To prepare Punch: Transfer frozen Grape Fizz to punchbowl. Open remaining bottles of well-chilled carbonated beverage and slowly pour into punchbowl. Makes about 1½ gallons punch. Serves 16-18 guests, allowing 3 punch-size cups each.

CLASS COLOR: Orange, Yellow, Gold

ORANGE PUNCH SPECIAL (Serves 12-14)

- 12 bottles orange soda (12-oz. size)
- 1½ cups fresh strawberries, crushed
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 egg whites
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup sugar

Place unopened bottles of carbonated beverage in refrigerator to chill thoroughly.

To prepare Orange-Strawberry Fizz: Stir lemon juice into the crushed strawberries. Add salt to egg whites in mixing bowl, beat until stiff but not dry with rotary egg beater. Add sugar gradually, ½ tablespoon at a time, continuing to beat until sugar is well blended. Fold lightly into fruit. Open one bottle of orange soda. Pour into bowl slowly and fold beverage into the strawberry-meringue mixture. Transfer to refrigerator tray immediately and freeze.

When orange-strawberry mixture is partly frozen, remove from refrigerator tray and turn into a well-chilled mixing bowl; beat until foamy and fruit is blended (about 1 minute). Quickly return to refrigerator and continue freezing. When mixture begins to set, remove from freezing tray and beat again. Return to refrigerator and continue freezing until firm. Makes about 1¼ quarts.

To prepare Punch: Transfer frozen Orange-Strawberry Fizz to punchbowl. Slowly add remaining well-chilled beverage. Makes about 1¼ gallons punch. Serves approximately 12-14 guests.

CLASS COLOR: Red, Maroon

RASPBERRY BOWL (Serves 12-14)

- 4 bottles raspberry soda (quart size)
- 2 egg whites
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup raspberry jam
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- Fresh raspberries

Place unopened bottles of carbonated beverage in refrigerator to chill thoroughly.

To prepare Raspberry Fizz: Add salt to egg whites in mixing bowl; beat until stiff but not dry. Whip raspberry jam and lemon juice into beaten egg whites. Open one bottle of raspberry soda. Pour 1½ cups into bowl slowly and fold beverage into the meringue mixture. Recap bottle and return to refrigerator. Transfer mixture to refrigerator tray immediately and freeze.

When mixture is frozen to a snow-soft consistency, remove from refrigerator and turn into a well-chilled mixing bowl; beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and blended (about 1 minute). Return to refrigerator tray and continue freezing. Remove from freezing tray when mixture begins to set and beat again. Return to refrigerator and continue freezing. Makes 1 quart.

To prepare Punch: Transfer frozen Raspberry Fizz to punchbowl. Slowly add remaining bottles of well-chilled carbonated beverage. Garnish with the fresh raspberries. Makes about 1½ gallons punch.

A DELICATE SUBJECT

(Continued from page 25)

body odor. As a matter of fact, it becomes even more odorous.

After you've stepped from your bath, apply your cream, liquid, or powder, whichever you prefer, and you can go through the day or evening with nary a worry about perspiration odor. Some preparations should not be used after shaving. Follow the directions on jar or bottle. Some of the liquid anti-perspirants don't need to be applied oftener than every three days, but with hot, humid weather around the corner and your love of vigorous summer sports, it's a good idea to use your preparation every day. To keep your feet fresh rub a cream deodorant on them and

sprinkle some foot powder into your shoes.

We're not limiting this advice to just females. There's many a big brother whose prowess at basketball or smoothness on the dance floor was completely obliterated in our eyes because he wasn't conscientious about his underarm grooming. Here's where you can whisper a few knowing words in his ear that less hair tone and more good cleanliness habits might make him more of a social lion with the gals.

And even if you are a faithful user of a good deodorant or anti-perspirant and a super-fastidious gal, aren't you kind of glad we reminded you about this anyway?



Shirley

Waverly

by Amelia
Elizabeth
Walden

a novel of the most important year of a girl's life!



It was hot up here on Meeker's Hill in the scorching midday sun. Jane tied her two blond pigtails in a knot at the crown of her head and yanked her riding neckerchief from her throat. She wiped the perspiration from her forehead with the backs of her hands and rubbed them on the seat of her blue jeans.

It was the second time this week that Bobby Phillips' car, Minerva, had stalled while they were on their way to the Pennybrook Stables and Bobby had had to walk back to the Central Service Station for a battery.

Jane glanced down the hill and saw someone pedaling up on a bicycle. It was her younger brother, Tip. Bobby must have told him where to find her. But why on earth was he coming up here after her?

Tip wheeled his bike over to the car, reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope. Jane tightened all over as she saw the neat black printing in the upper corner. Waverly College. She stared at the envelope, unwilling to open it. Everyone knew how she felt about Waverly: Tip, Bobby Phillips, her older brother Jim who was a graduate student in agriculture at State, and Mrs. Norris who had kept house for them ever since Jane's mother died many years ago. In fact, everyone in the whole town knew that Jane Townsend and her father waged open warfare over her going to Waverly College and they knew why.

To begin with, Waverly was a woman's college. The only things they taught you at a feminine institution were how to pour tea and speak a little French or Spanish and put on boring Shakespearean plays and wear fussy clothes and go to dances where you flirted with boys you didn't care anything about. Well, Jane Townsend didn't need that sort of nonsense. Over and over she had explained all this to Dad. Besides, he knew perfectly well she had had her whole life planned ever since she was old enough to think about such things. She and Bobby Phillips would go to State University together. Later they would do graduate work in law and open their own office in town.

Someday she and Bobby might even marry. It was a vague possibility, but neither of them ever talked about it. Bobby was part of her life, like her brothers and Dad and the horses she'd ridden and the dogs they'd had. She would have been utterly miserable without him, but you didn't build romantic air castles around someone you took for granted, whom you fought with constantly and could beat at tennis. Anyway, love was dangerous. Jane had a theory that it spoiled careers, especially women's. If she and Bobby could marry on a business basis and keep romance well out of the picture, it might work out.

But, of course, Dad had completely upset the apple cart with this notion of his that Jane must go to Waverly. "Why?" she had asked him a hundred times, at least. Why? Why? Why? His answer was un-

varying and concise. Jane had been brought up with too many men and he felt she needed the softening influence of a woman's school even though he himself was a professor at State.

It was no use in arguing with Dad. Waverly had been her mother's college and when Jane argued against it, it twisted itself in Dad's thinking into an argument against Mother. That was why she had finally sent in her application to Waverly.

Fortunately, she had delayed so long that her name had been placed on the waiting list. It had been agreed that Dean Bradley, a classmate of her mother, would write and let Jane know definitely if she could make a place for her in the residence halls. If she couldn't, Dad had said Jane might enroll at State.

Her hands trembled now as she pulled out the letter and glanced at Dean Bradley's familiar signature. Then she read the letter quickly.

DEAR JANE,

I have news which I know will be good. We've had two vacancies in one of the residence halls. I am holding one of the vacancies open for you.

Best wishes to your family.

Cordially yours,

MARION BRADLEY

Jane tossed the letter to Tip. He caught it and she turned her back on him while he read it. As her eyes swept the wheat and corn fields below her, she felt the familiar tightening inside. It was unbelievable that in less than three weeks a train would carry her away from all this, clear across the country to that cold unfriendly stretch of seacoast called New England. Jane had heard stories about New England with its hidebound traditions, the suspicious reserve of the Yankees. And in that strange place she would have to live for four terrible years with girls. Just girls.

* * *

Jane walked slowly down the steps of the Administration Building. Since early morning, when she had arrived at Waverly, she had been busy answering questions, filling in blanks, taking tests, and learning about the college. Now she was free until five o'clock when she would have to attend the dinner for freshmen.

Jane skirted the lily pond which lay directly in front of Taylor Hall where she was to live, and walked up the steps.

When she reached the landing of the third floor, she heard someone sobbing. She stopped and listened. The door of her room stood open, so it must be her roommate, Sheila Converse. Her father, Jane had heard, was the mayor of Brampton, a big city notorious for its corrupt politics.

Sheila stood at the window with her back to the door. Finally she turned around and Jane noticed her eyes were swollen.

"I suppose you're going to the dinner," Sheila said. Jane nodded. "Well, I'm not."

"I thought every freshman on the campus had to be there," said Jane.

"What they don't know won't trouble them," said Sheila. "I'll sneak down the back stairs and no one will see me. I didn't want to come to this place," she went on bitterly. She pointed to a photograph on her desk. Jane saw that it was the picture of a young man. There was something about his petulant mouth and cold, appraising glance that Jane didn't like. "I wanted to make a dance team with him. He's a professional and he says I'm good enough."

She reached toward a pile of silver bracelets and shoved them over her hands and wrists. "But my

father wants me to be a lady," she said in her sneering manner, "and marry a diplomat and live in Washington or London or Paris." She jammed the last bracelet on her arm and snatched up a sequin-studded evening bag. "I can just see myself having tea on the terrace of the House of Parliament!" Her voice broke. "I hate being bossed around. I want to be left alone to do what I want to do." She ran over to the window. "Mike's there. I mustn't keep him waiting."

She ran out of the room. Jane listened to the tapping of her high heels as she hurried down the back stairs. Well, she said to herself, you and I have at least one thing in common, Sheila Converse. Neither one of us wanted to come to this place.

* * *

One afternoon a few weeks later, Jane entered her room to find Sheila lying face down on her bed, tossing about and moaning.

Jane went over to her and asked, "Are you sick?" Sheila groaned. "I'll call the infirmary," said Jane.

"Let me alone," Sheila said. Her voice was so low Jane could hardly hear her. Jane noticed a crumpled mass of newspapers spread out around Sheila. A picture of Mike stared up from one of them. Gradually Jane got the idea that Sheila was not physically ill. Her trouble was connected in some way with Mike.

"Why don't you tell me what's bothering you?" she said. "Maybe you'll feel better."

This remark was such a surprise to Sheila that she stopped groaning and sat up, pushing the tangle of dark hair from her eyes. "Promise you won't tell anybody."

Jane nodded.

Sheila hesitated. "Mike has a new dancing partner. They open next week at the Berkley-Plaza in New York."

"I should think you'd be glad he's got such a fine engagement," Jane said.

"Of course I'm glad about that. It's the dancing partner I'm worried about." She thrust the newspaper under Jane's nose. In the photograph with Mike was a girl in the native costume of Spain. "She's pretty. He'll practice with her for hours. Of course she'll try to get him to take her around. He'll be too busy to come up here. I won't be able to stand it."

"There's always someone looking for an extra girl for a blind date."

"Are you innocent?" Sheila's voice rose to its usual high pitch. She jumped up from the bed. "They won't have anything to do with me because of my father. It's been that way all my life." Sheila sank down on the bed and pressed her hands to her temples.

"Sheila," Jane said. The other girl dug her face deeper into the pink bedspread. "Get up and get dressed and come down to dinner with me. If you don't, I'll call the nurse and report you as a case of hysterics."

"I don't want to eat," said Sheila.

"All right, don't." Jane held her firmly by the shoulders. "But get out of this room. If you stay up here feeling sorry for yourself, it won't help."

Sheila got shakily up from the bed. Jane walked over to Sheila's closet and took out the first white dress she found.

"That's a summer dress," said Sheila.

"We have to wear white tonight for the Color Ceremony."

"What's that?"

"The seniors march across the campus in their caps and gowns, carrying lighted lanterns. We freshmen stand on the steps of Main Hall and they present us with our colors for the coming four years."

"It's kid stuff," said Sheila. "I hate it."

"So do I," said Jane. Jane met Sheila's surprised

stare with perfect honesty. "But I'm going," said Jane. "I'm going because we're here and we've got to make the best of it."

Without a word, Sheila took the dress from Jane and put it on.

Chapter II



Jane led Miss Charity out of her stall and waited for Sheila. The mail had been late this morning and Sheila wouldn't leave without her letter from Mike.

She watched Sheila as her slender form in its black melton jodhpurs and flame-colored coat moved in and out of the naked trees. Her black hair was flying loose and she carried a riding crop and derby. She called a cheerful "Hello," and went to the stalls.

Mr. Tinker, the English groom, brought out Black Midnight, Sheila's horse. "I been wanting to speak to you ladies about something," he said. "You're the two that rides the path along the Bluffs most of the time." He jerked his finger toward the path. "I was riding out there the other day and noticed some hoof prints in the out-of-bounds territory the other side of the fence." He looked quickly at Sheila and she turned away. "I don't like to think any of our ladies would break that rule. We ain't had no bad rains lately, but I'd hate to think what might happen if we had." He turned abruptly away from them and went toward the stables.

The first mile of the bridle path they walked the horses and chatted, but neither of them mentioned what Mr. Tinker had said.

Then Sheila broke into a canter and went on ahead. Jane followed.

She rounded the bend that brought the Bluffs into view. Black Midnight, fifty yards away, was heading straight for the heavy oak fence. Jane watched the horse and his reckless rider as they drew nearer and nearer the barrier. She pulled Miss Charity to an abrupt stop.

"Look," she said, "they're going to jump!"

Black Midnight's forelegs bent in the take-off. Sheila crouched low over his neck as he went over. Jane held her breath until he landed on the soft turf beyond the fence.

"Perfect!" said Jane. Black Midnight raced along the forbidden territory of the Bluffs. In the thrill of watching Sheila jump, she had completely forgotten Mr. Tinker's warning, but now it rushed back to her.

When she got back to the stables, Sheila was standing next to the lathered gelding, waiting for her. Jane jumped off her horse and strode over to her.

"That was a stupid thing to do," she said. "You heard what Mr. Tinker said this morning."

"I've been riding since I was four," said Sheila. "I know what I'm doing."

Jane grabbed Sheila's arm. "Can't you see how foolish you are? After a heavy rain that turf would cave in under you. A good horsewoman wouldn't risk her horse, even if she didn't care about herself."

Sheila yanked her arm free. "I want you to get something straight. Just because we've been a little chummy, you needn't think I'm going to take orders from you." She paused and spat out the words. "Is that clear, Freshman?" She turned abruptly and led Black Midnight over to the stables.

Mr. Tinker came out of the main building. He called over to Jane, "A friend of yours was down here looking for you." He scratched the back of his head. "Now what's her name? A bright-eyed lass with a short bobby cut. An English-sounding name she has."

"Kathie Brighton?" asked Jane. Kathie was one of the girls on the third floor of Taylor with whom Jane had classes.

"That's it," said Mr. Tinker. "She says it's important and she'll be waiting for you in Main Hall."

"Thanks," said Jane. "Will you take care of Miss Charity?" Mr. Tinker nodded.

Jane hurried along the road to the campus. She was worried. This silly argument was going to spoil everything. She was sorry Sheila and she had quarreled just when everything was working out so well. Just the same, she thought, Sheila had no right to jump that fence.

She was still worrying about it when she walked into the lobby of Main Hall where Kathie was waiting. "I thought you'd never get here," Kathie said. "My brother is on his way to Montreal with a friend. They want to take us out tonight. They called and asked me to get another girl."

Jane didn't like blind dates. "We've got our mid-term tests next week," she said. "If we stay out late tonight, we'll be too tired tomorrow to study."

"We won't be out late," said Kathie. "They're on a business trip and they've got to catch the eleven-sixteen from Johnsville."

Jane considered the proposition. "Is he tall?" she asked.

"For a gal that's being offered a prize plum, you certainly are particular," said the genial Kathie. "He's six feet, one and a quarter inches."

"Just the height I like them," said Jane. "In fact, he sounds too good to be true." She grinned. "Okay, I'll take a chance."

Kathie's brother and his friend were waiting for them in the living room when they came downstairs at five o'clock.

Turning to the tall one with the chestnut-brown wavy hair, Kathie said, "Jane Townsend, my brother, Donald. Everyone calls him Don." She turned to a plump, good-natured-looking young man and said, "This is Hunt Palmer. I thought we'd go to the Hayloft for dinner. There won't be too many of the college gang there."

The place Kathie suggested was crowded. A hostess, elaborately dressed in the movie version of cowboy attire, led them to a booth at the side.

"Well," said Don, looking around at the bare ceiling beams hung with halters and bridles, "this is the right place to bring a girl from the wide-open spaces." He looked at Jane. "Remind you of home?"

"Not a bit," she said. "It's artificial and I don't like imitations."

Don's eyes traveled over Jane's simple hair-do. "I like things natural, too," he said.

Jane did not enjoy the feeling that rushed over her. She quickly picked up her napkin and laid it across her lap.

"This is the first time you've been East?" asked Don.

"It's the first time I've been away from home more than a week at a time," she said. "I thought I'd never last a month and here it is almost Thanksgiving."

"Going home for Christmas, I suppose."

"I wouldn't miss it," she said fervently. "I can hardly wait."

"I suppose there's a boy friend back there." His suave voice had a teasing note in it. Jane was furious with herself when she felt a rush of color flood her neck and face. She thought, If you think I'm going to answer that one, you can guess again.

Between courses Kathie dragged the protesting Hunt out on the dance floor. She did it so often that Jane began to suspect she was deliberately taking Hunt away so Don and Jane would be left alone.

Finally Don turned to her and said, "Want to dance?"

"Yes," she replied quickly.

Don danced the way he talked, smoothly and effortlessly. It was different from Bobby's bouncing, childish style. When the orchestra stopped, Jane was sorry. She'd never enjoyed dancing with anyone so much.

When they returned to the table, Hunt said, "It's nine-thirty. We'll have just enough time to drop these cowgirls off before our train leaves."

As Kathie and Jane hurried into Taylor Hall, Kathie said, "If you promise not to get a swelled head, I'll tell you something."

"What?" asked Jane.

"As we were leaving the Hayloft, Don said you were a good dancer and a mighty nice kid. You'll hear from him again, don't worry."

"I wasn't worrying," said Jane.

"Weren't you?" asked Kathie, raising her expressive eyebrows.

* * *

During the weeks preceding Christmas vacation, Jane was so busy she had little time to wonder how Sheila was getting along. There was always an extra paper to be prepared or a quiz for which she had to review. Botany gave her real trouble because it did not come to her as naturally as English or Latin or the political sciences. Fortunately for Jane, Sheila spent more time than formerly on her studies.

One evening while Jane was bent over her botany notebook, Kathie burst in. "You're wanted on the telephone," she said.

"Me?" asked Jane. "Who'd want to talk to me?"

"It's Don," said Kathie, beaming.

"Kathie Brighton," Jane replied, "I'll bet he doesn't want me. I bet he called you about something and you told him you'd get me. I bet . . ."

Kathie interrupted. "Stop betting and answer the phone. He only talked to me to ask if you were busy." Jane looked unconvinced. "Honest injun," said Kathie.

"Where's he calling from?" asked Jane, hurrying to the door.

"Johnsville."

When Jane picked up the receiver, Don's deep voice said, "How about dropping the books for the evening?"

Jane hesitated. "I could see you for a little while. An hour or so."

"All right," said Don. "I'll be right over."

When Jane went back to her note book, she found she couldn't concentrate. She kept watching the clock, wondering how long it would take Don to get here. At last she gave up and went downstairs to the living room. She had been there only five minutes when

Don came in. In his brown overcoat and white silk muffler, he looked better to her than ever. She felt a momentary pinch of pride as the girls around the piano looked up and stared at him.

"I've got the car outside," he said. "I'm driving over to Boston later on. Want to take a ride now?"

"I think it would be better if we went over to Main Hall."

"All right." His smile showed an even row of white teeth and made little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. "I see you don't want to get very far away from botany."

The date rooms in Main were almost deserted. Jane and Don walked through to the one at the end. It was called Shangri-la because it was the most remote of the rooms. Don took Jane's coat and threw it, with his own, on one of the divans.

"Don't get mad if I tell you something," he said. "I've done a lot of thinking about you since that night we went out to the Hayloft."

Jane thought, He wants me to ask him why, but I won't. It's his line.

Don went on. "There's something about you that makes remembering easy."

Jane thought, No one could say such things and really mean them. It's silly.

He reached over and took hold of her hand. "You don't give a guy very much encouragement," he said. Although his face was serious, his hazel eyes, so much like Kathie's, were lively and sparkling.

Now he's laughing at me, she thought. She said, "Can't we talk about something besides me?"

"If you really want to," he said. "But I find the present topic highly entertaining." His eyes twinkled.

Jane thought, If I had known you were going to be like this, Don Brighton, I'd never have given up my botany.

"Well, what shall we talk about?" he asked.

She tried to think of something, but no ideas came to her. She fidgeted like a little girl. This was a new experience to her, being ill at ease with a man. With Dad or her brothers it was different. She argued and debated with them but she never felt self-conscious. And Bobby might squabble with her, but he never would be silly enough to say she made remembering easy.

She was relieved when he said, "Would you like to hear about my work?"

"Very much," she said too eagerly.

He told her about his research in the field of television and how it took him to many different parts of the country. She could see that he was absorbed in what he was doing and Jane was glad of that.

"Now," he said, sitting back, "tell me about your own plans. You're not like Kathie who wants to be a lawyer so it will give her a legitimate chance to meddle with other people's business. How'd you happen to pick the law?"

"All my life I've known I wanted to do it," she said. "At least, ever since I've known Bobby. . . ." She stopped. This was certainly her night for saying and doing the wrong thing.

"Then there is a boy back home," said Don. "You were silent and mysterious about that the last time I saw you."

"He's not just a boy. I mean, of course, he's a boy. I mean, it's not what you think. I mean, we're just going into law partnership together."

"Are you sure you know exactly what you mean?" asked Don with that annoying gleam in his eyes.

Jane got up. Her irritation was turning to anger. First Don had tried to make her self-conscious by

paying her unwanted compliments in that urbane manner of his, and now she had told him about Bobby. The whole evening was a failure. She heard him get up and a moment later he took her by the arm and turned her around.

"This Bobby," he said. "He's someone pretty special to you?"

Jane pulled away. "He's a good friend," she said, feeling embarrassed at having to explain Bobby to Don. "He's someone I've known so long that -that I just can't imagine not knowing him." She stammered over the words. "But of course we're not in . . ." She stopped again. In her confusion she had almost said, "We're not in love." What a mistake that would have been! She certainly did not want to talk about love with any man, especially Don Brighton.

"You're not in what?" he prodded.

"Nothing," she said with what she hoped sounded like a note of finality. She went over to the divan and snatched up her coat. She threw it over her shoulders before Don could reach her. "I

think we should leave," she said. "I've got more work than I can manage in three nights."

She hurried ahead of him through the other rooms. As she reached the front door, Don caught up with her and opened it. All the way back to Taylor, she walked just a bit ahead of him. She did not want him to touch her again. When they reached the lily pond, she turned to say good night.

"I won't ask you to come in," she said. "It's late and . . ."

"It's late and botany is waiting for you," he said good-naturedly. "I understand." He reached out to take her hands, but she stuffed them into the pockets of her coat. "I'd like to see you again," he said. "Soon. When you're not so busy."

"I have so much studying to do," she said.

In the dark his grin took on a puckish quality. "Do I get another date?" he asked.

"After Christmas vacation," she said and then added, "Maybe." Opening the door, she called "Good night" over her shoulder and hurried into the foyer.

Chapter III

Dean Bradley's first sentence pulled Jane forward in her chair. The Dean had sent for Jane that afternoon. It was two weeks before Christmas. "Your father talked with me on the telephone this morning."

"Dad? On the telephone?"

"He tried unsuccessfully to get you at Taylor Hall," said the Dean. "So he had the operator switch the call to my office."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLY"

Although she studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Amelia Elizabeth Walden didn't succumb to the lure of the professional stage. Instead, she went home to Connecticut to teach acting to high school students. Very successfully, too, if you ask her former pupils, many of whom have made their mark on Broadway.

In between classes and being Mrs. John William Harmon of Westport, Conn., Miss Walden writes novels reflecting in suspense and drama her early training. Unlike Jane Townsend, heroine of "Waverly," Miss Walden is an Easterner—New York City was her birthplace and Connecticut State Teachers' College her Alma Mater.

Miss Walden first rang the bell with "Gateway," and "Waverly," her latest, has been pegged by the critics as an outstanding girls' book, sure to win her hosts of new followers. Other critics' tributes to this fine college novel:

"A story that deserves the popularity that it will surely win." *Saturday Review of Literature*

"Fun and excitement together with enough romance to make this one of the best novels of the year." *Library Journal*

"Shows a real understanding of young moderns and the problems nearest their hearts."

Philadelphia Inquirer



The Dean went on, "Your father has been selected as one of the dozen college professors who will confer with a member of the President's cabinet."

Jane thought, But why should Dad take the trouble to telephone me about that? Important things are happening to him all the time. She almost missed what the Dean said next.

"Your father is leaving for Washington today and he won't be back until after New Year's."

Jane turned the words over and over. Why, Dad wouldn't be home for Christmas! That would spoil everything for Tip and Jim and her. Dean Bradley was talking again. "He's taking your brother, Tip, with him. He asked me if we would be able to take care of you over the holidays."

Jane felt the room fall away from her. She wasn't going home for Christmas! Not going home! Why, she had to go home for Christmas! For months she had been living just for that.

* * *

Kathie slumped down on Sheila's bed. "It's perfectly awful," she said. "You simply can't spend two whole weeks in this place at Christmas. I won't stand for it." Her hazel eyes snapped. "You're coming home with me, Jane Townsend."

Jane stared at her. "Thanks for the offer," she said, "but you can't inflict a total stranger on your family for two weeks."

"You're not a stranger," said Kathie. "Don knows you."

Jane walked to the window and looked out upon the snow-banked Bluffs. *Don knows you.* All the more reason why she shouldn't go home with Kathie. Two weeks of seeing Don every day! That wasn't the way things were supposed to work out. She was to have gone home and seen a lot of Bobby. She was to forget Don and maybe he would forget her, too. If she went to the Brightons' for Christmas, the whole situation would be more complicated than ever.

"No," she said, turning back to the room. "I can't accept your invitation, Kathie. It's nice of you, but if I can't be with my family, I won't go anywhere."

Kathie got up from the bed. She came over to the desk and leaned across it. "Jane Townsend," she shouted, "you're the most pernickety, independent, ornery girl I know. I know what's the matter with you. You think the Midwest is the only place in the whole world that knows how to celebrate Christmas or anything else. Of all the self-satisfied isolationists, you take the prize."

"How do you know your family will want me?" Jane asked, limply clinging to her last excuse.

"If it will make you feel any better, I'll telephone Mother."

Jane still hesitated. All her excuses had been knocked out from under her, all except Don, and

she couldn't tell Kathie about that. And Kathie was right. Anything would be better than staying here.

"All right," she said, "if your mother says yes."

Kathie straightened up. "Well," she said, "it's about time you got some sense."

* * *

Don and Jane stood under the gold and silver sign that read "Happy New Year" and spanned the archway of the ball room. The trombone player gave the downbeat and the sweet tones of a soprano saxophone picked up the melody. *I'll Always Remember Tonight* was the title. It was a new song, but it had quickly caught the popular fancy. Every band in the country featured it and the Club orchestra had already played it twice this evening.

Don took Jane's hand. "This is the last dance before supper. The last dance we'll have together this year. Let's make it the best." They danced to the other side of the ball room. Don pushed open one of the French doors and stood aside for Jane to go out.

They stepped out upon a porch that had been fitted with storm windows. It was lighted by hurricane candles and rows of palms lined the walls.

"This is nice," she said. "How'd you know about it?"

"They've been reserving it for us," he said, grinning. "I told them to."

He took Jane in his arms again and they danced over the uneven floor of the porch. Once or twice they stumbled and, to keep her footing, Jane had to hold tightly to Don.

The orchestra started to play the new song again.

"That's a catchy song," said Don. "What's it called?"

"*I'll Always Remember Tonight.*" Jane looked down at her slippers.

Don's laugh rolled merrily out. "No kidding, is it really?" he asked. "That's funny."

"What's funny about it?"

"Well, I will always remember tonight," he said. "It's exactly what I was thinking. I'll always remember you in that dress and the way your hair looks." He gently pulled her head down upon his shoulder. This time she did not pull away from him.

There was an outburst of noise from the dining room. "It's midnight," she said.

"Gosh," said Don, "so it is." She caught a fleeting glimpse of his grin as he looked down at her, and then she couldn't see anything because he had his face close to hers and was kissing her.

* * *

When Jane got back to Waverly, there were packages and letters from the family and Bobby. Sheila had not yet returned and Jane had the room to herself while she opened them.

Jane sprawled on the bed to read the batch of mail. Bobby's was the last she opened.



DEAR SHEREW:

The old town hasn't seemed the same without your disturbing presence this vacation. In fact, when I told Minerva you weren't coming home, she collapsed. I wouldn't be surprised if I kind of missed you a little myself. I haven't had a good stand-up-and-fight-argument since that day we sent you East to learn how to be a lady.

It's my private opinion that we're hoping for too much. Isn't there an old saw about changing the leopard and his spots? It can't be done. And just because tonight is New Year's Eve and I'm feeling a bit sentimental about old friends, I'm going to tell you something. There are some of us back here who don't want you to change. Between us and this sheet of paper, Jane, I kind of like you the way you are. Naturally, when you're around, I don't dare admit it.

So you see, I'm banking on what they call in psychology lab your inherent nature to bring you back just the way you were. Maybe we can even talk your dad into letting you go to State next year. So come on back in your dungarees and tie your hair up in braids and crawl under Minerva and fight with me. When you come right down to it, that's the solidest foundation for that law business of ours. Frankness, no punches pulled, none of this sentimental stuff. That way you don't get disillusioned.

Happy Christmas and New Year all rolled up in one! I'll be down there at the train to meet you in June. Nothing short of a cyclone could keep me away. Not even that, I guess.

As always,

BOBBY

She stared down at Bobby's letter. It was really just what she needed to wake her up from the pleasant, fantastic dream of New Year's Eve. For the first time in two weeks she began to think clearly and logically. No matter how much she was willing to make herself over, she couldn't really do it. Bobby was right. She belonged in a world made up of Tip and Dad and Mrs. Norris and Jim and State University and Bobby and Minerva. She couldn't have both Don and Bobby. She had to decide between them.

Chapter IV

Jane had seen Don only once since midyears. They had gone out to dinner, but she had insisted on coming back early. During the February storms, he was so busy getting to and from the various cities in which he conducted his research that he had little time for more than an occasional telephone call. However, Jane realized that sooner or later the whole affair was bound to come to a head.

And then the weekend of the International Relations Club banquet it happened. Don telephoned from a town fifteen miles away and said he wanted to come over. He'd stay at a hotel in Johnsville for the weekend.

Jane said to him, "The International Relations Club holds its banquet tonight."

"That's all right," came back Don's bland voice. "I'll come over tomorrow and we can have a whole day of fun."

Jane struggled with a panic of indecision. She couldn't argue with Don over the phone. It would be better to tell him what she had to say, face to face.

When Jane came out of Main Hall with her mail the next morning, Don was waiting for her. She stuffed the unopened letter she had just received from Bobby into the pocket of her pea jacket. Don came toward her and took both her hands in his. He held them tightly for a moment before she pulled free.

"Good morning," said Don. "You look very bright after listening to a lot of dull speeches last night."

Jane said, "It wasn't any ordeal. I liked it." She thought, It would have been much more fun if I hadn't been thinking about you and me and Bobby.

As they walked along the road that led to the stables, Don talked about his work, describing a new invention he and another engineer had just patented. Finally he said, "Now tell me about yourself. How were the midyears?"

"Terrible," she said. Then she smiled. "That's the customary answer, but I didn't mind them too much."

"You were pretty stingy with your dates while they were on," he said.

Jane was glad they had reached the stables and she didn't have to answer.

Miss Charity nuzzled under Jane's arm.

"I wish you'd spoil me the way you do that horse," said Don.

"If you were a horse," she said to Don, "I might risk spoiling you. It's bad business to spoil a man."

Don reached out and grabbed her arm. "I ought to give you a good shaking for that bit of sarcasm," he said.

"Don't," she said severely, as she pulled away. "Mr. Tinker might see you." She moved down the line of stalls. "Come on, I want to show you another horse."

She led Don over to Black Midnight's stall. The handsome gelding came forward and looked at them.

Don whistled. "He's a beauty."

"He's Sheila Converse's," she said. Black Midnight neighed loudly and stamped his hoofs. "He's nervous. Just like Sheila. Funny about people and their animals."

"How is Sheila?" Jane had described her roommate to Don during Christmas.

Jane looked down at the dirt floor. "She's got more troubles than any five other people. She's a sort of magnet for them. I suppose it's partly her own fault."

"But still you care about her," said Don. Jane looked up and he searched her face.

"Why not?" she said. "When you live with someone for half a year, you can't overlook them."

"That's not why you care about Sheila."

"No? Well, why do I then?"

"Because the girl I love is the kind of girl who can't help caring what happens to other people."

They were good American words Don had spoken, all of them, but they fell on her ears with the strangeness of a foreign language. "The girl I love is the kind of girl who can't help caring what happens to other people." *The girl I love.*

"Let's get out of here," she said.

It was at the Hayloft that evening at dinner that Jane finally told Don

"Don," she said, "I've got to talk to you." The moment she had said the words a feeling of relief surged over her. She had crossed her Rubicon.

"All right," said Don. He was so smilingly unaware of what Jane was thinking that for a moment she hesitated. Her heart was pounding, making one final, impetuous plea to her. "Don't tell him," it said. "Don't do it."

"Don," she said again. He looked her full in the face with an open question in his hazel eyes. "It's about what happened in the stables this morning. I mean, it has something to do with what you said. It's so mixed up, I don't know how to say it."

"What's mixed up?"

"Everything. You and me and Bobby."

"Bobby." He said the name as if he had known Bobby a long time. "Bobby is the boy back home."

"Yes," she said. Then she rushed on, anxious to be

done with the whole matter, once and for all. "Bobby and I have always known what we wanted to do, as long as we've known each other."

"What do you want to do?"

"Open a law office together. Out home," she said.

"And now," said Don, "I've come along and spoiled things for Bobby."

"You haven't spoiled things for Bobby," she said.

"Haven't I?"

"I mean, it's not your fault. I mean, you couldn't really spoil things unless I let you." Don sat there with exasperating patience, waiting for her to go on.

"At first I thought you and I would be just good friends." She paused again and the music thrust itself disturbingly into her consciousness. There was something about the song they were playing that bothered her, but she couldn't stop to figure it out.

"I thought maybe we'd have a few dates and it would end there. The way blind dates do. But I guess we liked each other too much. At first I tried to run away from you. Mentally, I mean. I thought that would help. Then I saw it didn't." She hesitated to tell him straightforwardly about the rest, but it would be useless to change her tactics now.

"New Year's Eve, I tried to change my whole individuality because I thought you wanted it." She paused again as the music became more and more disturbing to her. She tried to put it out of thought, but it rushed in again, making a leitmotif to what she was saying.

"But then when I came back to Waverly, there was a letter from Bobby. He said he expected me to come back home in June just the way I was when I left. He was sure Waverly couldn't really change me. Fundamentally, that is. And I think he's right. I really want to go back, maybe even study at State next year. Be a lawyer in my own place with my own kind of people." She reached for her glass and drank half the water in a quick gulp. "Then I began to worry. About you and me. I saw I had to tell you or it wouldn't be square."

"Tell me what, Jane?"

She was conscious of the music mocking her as she said it. "That we shouldn't see each other any more. Because it isn't fair to anyone. To you or to Bobby or to me."

Then, like a sharp pain piercing the very core of her thinking, Jane knew what it was about the music that bothered her. The song was the one they had played so much at the Country Club on New Year's Eve. It was *I'll Always Remember Tonight*.

Chapter V

For days the numbness inside Jane did not leave her. At first she hoped she might hear from Don or that he might come to Waverly in spite of what she had said. She watched her post box as eagerly as Sheila Converse had ever done and, as she crossed the campus, she would look around her just in case Don's car might be parked along one of the driveways. It was clear she would have to do something positive to forget him. That would not be easy, but it was possible. On May Day the college would hold its annual horse show. Jane could enter Miss Charity. Every afternoon she could go down to the riding ring and practice. That would keep her busy enough.

She began to feel a little better. This was the sane way to meet it. She went to the bureau and pulled open the top drawer. In one corner, wrapped up in her old orange neckerchief, were all the things she had left of Don. The ribbon from the gardenias he had given her New Year's Eve, a few postcards

he had sent her from his trips, the coral and silver earrings he'd given her for Christmas. She tore the cards across and tossed them into the basket. In her dresser drawer she found the box the earrings had come in. Placing them in it, she carefully padded the cotton around them. Then she wrapped the box in a piece of brown paper and tied some string around it. With her pen raised above the package she stopped. To send them back would be childish, attaching too much importance to the gift. She threw the box into the drawer and slammed it shut.

Now she felt much better. The activity of removing Don systematically from her memory was more stimulating than had been her brooding over him. This was sensible and right.

Then something unexpected happened which helped Jane put Don out of her thoughts for a while. She was chosen to represent Waverly at the *Campus Vogue* College Forum. *Campus Vogue* was the college girls' fashion guide. Each year it held a forum of girls from over fifty women's colleges. To be selected as Waverly's representative was quite an honor, an honor Jane felt she didn't deserve.

When Professor Martin had told her, Jane had shifted about on the chair, to find a comfortable position. "You've always told us in class," she said, "that you preferred people to disagree with you if it was their honest opinion," she said.

"That's right."

"Well, I don't agree with you that I'm the best girl to represent Waverly. There are a half-dozen outstanding girls on the campus who love Waverly enough to be truly representative of the college."

"Don't you love Waverly?"

Jane looked up at the tiny windows where the late afternoon sun poured into the office and showed up the dust on the files.

"When I came here, I hated it," she said. "I only came because Dad insisted on it. And I made up my mind I'd never like anything about it."

Professor Martin leaned forward and with her left hand set in motion the large globe in front of her. She turned it as she talked. "Do you still dislike it so much?"

Jane watched the globe turn round and round in the beam of sunlight that poured through the windows. "No," she said.

"What made you change?"

Jane looked down at her hands clasped together in her lap. "A lot of things," she said. "Mostly the fact that no one bothered me too much. I think the teachers realized how I felt, but they didn't try to push me into Waverly's loving arms." She looked up. "The other girls had a lot to do with it, too. I got in with a crowd over at Taylor and I liked them. I found out women weren't so bad after all." Professor Martin and she smiled at each other.

"Go ahead," said the Professor.

"Having Sheila Converse for a roommate helped me in a roundabout sort of way, too. We were so different at first we quarreled all the time. Then we found we could get along by making some compromises. One night when we were having it out hot and heavy, Sheila told me that I was all head and no heart. I thought about that a long time."

Professor Martin's heavy laugh shook her huge frame. Jane did not tell her about meeting Don and the vacation at the Brightons and how much that had done to change her. "There were other things, too," she simply said.

Professor Martin stopped turning the globe and sat back in her chair. "I should say that a girl who came here disliking us and wound up liking us is the perfect

delegate to send to the Forum. Jane Townsend, you, more than anyone, should know what a woman's college can do for a girl."

Jane got up. "Then you really want me to go?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

Jane moved toward the door. "I can't help feeling you're making a mistake," she said. "But I'll do the best I can."

Professor Martin opened the door for her. "I'm sure you will. All you have to do is to go up there and be yourself. That's all Waverly asks of you."

* * *

Jane looked over at the clock on Sheila's desk. It said three-fifteen. The taxi which was to take her to the Johnsville station would not be here for an hour. But since she had taken the afternoon off from her

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry!" Sheila screamed the word. "What's there to be sorry about? He did what he wanted, didn't he? That's what we've all got to do, isn't it? What we want!"

Sheila yanked out her jodhpurs and a red sweater. Quickly she slipped off her dress and got into them.

Before Jane could stop her, she was out of the room. Her boots clattered on the stairs and a door slammed.

Suddenly Jane thought of the spongy and sunken spots in the fenced-off area. She had forgotten to warn Sheila about them. And Sheila would jump the fence. There was no question about that. In her right mind she was a good enough horsewoman to know she should not go over, but today she would ride the way she always did when she wanted to get her



classes, she was all ready and had nothing to do but wait.

She went over to the window and looked down on Indian River. The earlier drizzle had turned into a fine mist, but the sky was brighter than it had been at any time during the last week. As if to make up for their delay, the spring rains had been torrential. Mr. Tinker had told her they were the heaviest he remembered in his years at Waverly.

Patches of the tall fence that marked off the territory that had been declared out of bounds for horseback riders were visible through the foliage of the trees on the Bluffs. Jane's eyes searched the ground in the dangerous area. It was soft and spongy and a few patches had sunk so much it was noticeable even from here. No one in his right mind would want to ride a horse over that turf now, fence or no fence.

She turned back to the room. Three-twenty. Jane took the copy of her speech out of her pocketbook. Although she knew it perfectly, she glanced over it again.

The clock said three-thirty-five. She closed the lid of her bag. As she bent over to snap the lock, she heard someone running up the stairs. Sheila came in. She slammed the door and fell back against it, her eyes wide with fright. In her hand she clutched the crumpled pages of a newspaper.

"What's the matter?" Jane asked.

Sheila came over and, holding up the newspaper, pointed to a photograph on the front page. It was Mike and his dancing partner. Jane took the paper and read the caption. "Dancers go to Coast for featured role in Warner's next musical. Michael Blane and Carmen Gonzalez on possible way to stardom. They were married yesterday before they boarded their plane for Hollywood."

Jane read the rest of the story quickly, skipping the details to grasp the salient points. She was not surprised. She had always known that when the time was right for him, Mike would do something like this to Sheila. But she sympathized with her roommate. She knew how it was when you cared about someone.

troubles out of her system, oblivious to everything around her. She'd take the fence without thinking. She'd ride like a person in a dream. Jane glanced at the clock. Three-fifty-five. There wasn't time to change her traveling suit. She'd have to go the way she was. She ran down the hall to Kathie's room, praying she would be there. When she saw Kathie at her desk, she let out a gasp of relief.

"I thought you'd left for New York," Kathie said.

"Something's happened to Sheila," Jane said. "I can't explain now. My taxi will be here in about twenty minutes. Take my bag and other stuff down, put it in the taxi and tell the driver to come down to the stables for me. Be sure he understands and don't tell anyone else a word about it."

Kathie got up from her desk and, with a puzzled expression, repeated Jane's instructions. Jane ran down the hall and out of the building. She raced all the way to the stables. Black Midnight's stall was empty. She snatched a halter from the hooks. While she slipped it on Miss Charity she talked to her, saying, "No time for a saddle today, old girl. We'll have to go Indian fashion. And we've got to keep our heads."

For two miles they followed the muddy prints of Black Midnight's hoofs. Jane thought, I hope I'm not too late.

Just then she caught sight of Sheila's scarlet sweater and flowing black hair ahead of them. Jane called to her. She paid no attention, leaning forward and urging Black Midnight to greater speed. Sheila and Black Midnight rose higher and higher on the path along the Bluffs. Jane thought, I've got to stop her before she reaches that fence.

Miss Charity was neck and neck with the gelding. Jane firmly clutched Miss Charity's mane in her left hand, dropped the halter strap, wrapped her legs around the mare's middle, and leaning far to the right grabbed Sheila's bridle reins. Sheila turned her attention from Black Midnight and brought her riding crop down on the back of Jane's hand. The whip raised angry welts but Jane held on.

"Let go!" Sheila screamed. "Let go!" She leaned 71

over and tried to pull the reins from Jane's hand. Jane swerved sharply to the left and, putting the full force of her strength into her hands, swung Black Midnight around after her. The stretch was a long one. Something seemed to snap in the middle of her back and she felt an excruciating stab of pain.

"What's the matter with you?" screamed Sheila. "Let go of my reins."

Jane blinked back tears of pain. "Take a look over that fence," she shouted. Sheila turned and looked. Both girls stared at the sunken ground. "If Black Midnight had landed on that turf, it would have caved in under you."

Without a word, Sheila turned and rode back toward the stables. When Jane led Miss Charity into the stables, Sheila stood in front of Black Midnight's stall. She hung up her saddle and bridle and walked past Jane without looking at her.

Jane took the halter off Miss Charity. Her back sent out needle-like pains that forced her to grip the framework of the stall for support. A horn honked outside. Common sense told her that she should stop at the infirmary and have her back taped. I can't, she thought. I haven't time. I'll miss my train.

She went out and climbed into the taxi, nodding to the driver who held the door open. As she eased herself into the seat, she couldn't suppress a groan. The driver leaned forward. "Something wrong, Miss?"

She shook her head. "I've got to catch the five thirty-two out of Johnsville. We'll just about have time to make the station."

Chapter VI

Jane shifted to a more comfortable position on the wicker chaise longue. Up here on the sun deck of the infirmary building, you had a bird's-eye view of the campus. The grounds of Waverly were in full bloom. It was pleasant to see the girls in summer clothes, to hear the lawn mower at work not so far away, to draw in a deep breath of freshly cut grass and the sweet fragrance of the viburnum bushes.

Jane picked up her leather writing case from the wicker table next to her. All day she had been trying to write the letter and only two words were on the paper. "Dear Don."

Intending to try again, she reached for her fountain pen, but instantly her mind began its obdurate protest. Why should you write to him? If he really wanted to see you, he wouldn't have stayed away. He didn't have to take you quite so literally, did he, when you said you never wanted to see him again?

She set down the case and a bundle of newspaper clippings tumbled out. Picking them up, she thumbed idly through them. They were the accounts of the *Campus Vogue* Forum. Most of them made special mention of her speech as the outstanding contribution from the college delegates. She smiled. She was glad that she hadn't collapsed until she was back in her hotel room after she'd delivered the speech.

Every day the crowd from Taylor Hall had been over to see her, but not once had Sheila come with them. The girls brought news of her, and they were excited and curious about the changes that were taking place in Sheila. She fraternized more with them. She stayed at Main Hall for the social hour after dinner and once she had treated them to an impromptu dance recital over which the girls had been wildly enthusiastic. It was clear that none of them, not even Kathie, knew what had happened that day on the Bluffs.

Jane had asked the girls why Sheila never came with them. They had tried to persuade her, but she

always had a good excuse—a paper to do or a quiz to study for or a rehearsal for the May Day pageant. Sheila was doing the choreography and directing most of the dances. But even so, Jane was not satisfied. She was eager to see for herself the change that had taken place in her roommate.

She got up from the chaise longue and walked, a little stiffly, around the sun deck. It would be good to get back to her classes next week, especially with so many important events on the college program. May Day and the formal dance were only two weeks off. She thought about that, wondering what she would do. The girls had offered to get her a blind date, but Jane didn't want that, even if it were her only chance of going to the dance.

I went on a blind date once, she thought.

"It didn't turn out so badly, did it?" asked the inner voice.

"Oh, didn't it? It just about threw me for a loop, that's all."

There was a sound behind her. She turned, expecting it to be the nurse with her midafternoon snack. She stared straight into Sheila's face. For a long moment the girls stood looking at each other. There was a new quietness in Sheila's eyes and some of the strain had eased at the corners of her mouth. Her dark hair was wound into a neat figure eight at the nape of her neck. In her dancing shorts and halter, she looked like a little girl.

"Hello," she said.

Jane walked over to her. "I've been sort of waiting for you," she said. Sheila perched on the edge of the chaise longue and Jane sat in the chair facing her.

"Before I came over to see you, I wanted to think things over carefully," Sheila said. "To be sure I was clear about everything." She smiled, and there was none of the old bitterness about it. "I've done more thinking in the last few days than in my whole life." She stared down at her strong legs stretched out in front of her. Except for those legs the girl was so fragile you wanted to put a protective arm about her.

"That—that day," she said, "I went back to our room and fell down on my bed. Just exhausted. I lay there a long time. Thinking. About how you'd ridden out there and—and stopped me from jumping. And about the things you had been telling me all year. At first, I was under the impression you thought you had the right to preach a lot of sermons because of the way you'd been brought up, to sort of weigh the difference between right and wrong."

Sheila looked up into Jane's eyes. "But as I lay there the things you'd said began to fit together. I saw you hadn't been just preaching. You'd been trying to knock some sense into me. To sort of—well, save me from myself."

She reached up and pushed a loose hairpin back into the heavy knot of hair. "So finally I got up and washed my face and went down to tell Dean Bradley what had happened."

"I wouldn't have reported you," said Jane quickly.

"I know. But I wanted to tell her myself. Because it was right. You know, their silly old honor system." She smiled and Jane smiled back. "I told her about all the times I'd jumped the fence and how you had saved me that afternoon." Sheila stared out over the campus. "I was still pretty much upset about Mike, I guess, and I got awfully excited. I told her how I felt about my father. And that life was a mess. You just about got on your feet when someone hauled off and knocked you down again." Sheila looked at Jane as if for encouragement to go on. Jane nodded.

"Dean Bradley said she wouldn't report me to Student Government. She'd assume the responsibility for

what had happened. Called it an extenuating circumstance."

"I knew she'd understand," Jane said.

"But she talked to me a long time. She said everyone had troubles. Sometimes they ganged up on people the way they had on me, but that no matter how bad they were you could always come out on top if you didn't let them frighten you. She said the biggest obstacle in anyone's path was fear and that if you stood up to things, faced them down instead of running away, nothing could hurt you. You were bound to come out on top."

Sheila got up. "Before I go, I want to tell you that I never would have left you that afternoon if I had known you were hurt."

Jane gripped the arms of the chair and stood up. "I knew you wouldn't," she said.

Sheila held out her hand. "Thanks for what you did. I realize now just how big a thing it was."

After Sheila had left, Jane walked over to the rail of the sun deck. The sun, large and red, was low over the academic buildings. Down there, so far away you couldn't see them, were the stables where Miss Charity waited for her. Over there was Taylor Hall where the gang was studying or having a bull session before dinner. She listened to the faint peals of the organ from across the campus and the tinny sound of the off-key piano in the physical education building. She looked over at the court of Main Hall, mellow with soft shadows made by the trees on its broad sweep of lawn. Inside her a commotion stirred. It was a feeling so new to her that she could not define it, could not even give it a name. A tear trickled down her nose.

"Well, for Pete's sake!" she said.

She went over and picked up her writing case. She sat stiffly on the edge of the chaise longue and wrote quickly, surely.

DEAR DON,

There are so many things I could say about false pride and letting bygones be bygones. Also about the advantage of admitting when you've been wrong. All right, I was wrong. I do want to see you again.

How about coming up for the May Day formal? It's the final social event of the year and I would like to see you once again before I go back home. Will you let me know right away if you can make it? It's a week from Friday. Lots of the men come early for the May Queen ceremony and other events. A good time should be had by all.

JUST PLAIN JANE.

In the stables, with Miss Charity's head close to hers, Jane found quiet at last. Soon the horse show would be over and the girls would be coming back. Then she would have to go somewhere else. Today what she wanted most of all was to be alone. It was not an easy accomplishment on May Day with the whole college holding open house for its guests, but Jane had good reason to make the effort.

"Now don't go feeling sorry for yourself," said the inner voice.

He might have answered my letter, she thought. He could have begged off for business reasons. Anything but this cold silence!

"That's just what you wanted, isn't it?" asked the inner voice.

She didn't argue back. It was exactly what she had believed she wanted—to be free of everything that would pull her back to Waverly next year. And Dad had given her the choice. After the speech she had

made at the *Campus Vogue* Forum, he had written that he believed she had earned the right to decide whether she preferred to transfer to State next year. The trouble was that now she couldn't truthfully say she didn't want to return to Waverly. It had grown on her. In the months she had been here, she had learned to love many things about it.

However, if she came back here next year, it would be so much harder to forget Don. Everywhere she turned she would come face to face with a memory of him. Without him, Waverly was unthinkable. . . .

She saw his feet and trousers first. There was something familiar in the way he walked. No, it couldn't be Don. But it was. It was!

She ran forward to meet him and he caught her by



the hands. "Don," she said. "I thought for sure you weren't coming."

"Your letter followed me through four states," he said. "When it caught up with me in Maryland this morning, I took the first plane."

He pulled her to him and she willingly leaned against him. "My suit needs pressing," he said. "And I'm dirty. But there's one thing I want more than a shower."

"What's that?" she asked.

He raised her chin and looked into her face. "I'll show you," he said, and he kissed her.

* * *

Don pushed his way through the crowd around the bandstand and reached Jane's side. "Now, look," he said. "I've danced with a beautiful talking machine called Meredith and a vision of pastel loveliness named Pat and an awfully nice girl who answers to Ann. I've even danced with my own sister. When do I get one with my best girl?"

Jane smiled up at him and handed over her dance program. Don scanned it. "Don't tell me I really get the next one with you! Why, it's unbelievable!"

"Yes," she said. "You do."

"Wonderful. I hope it's a waltz."

The orchestra began to play, swinging into the timeless melody of *The Merry Widow*. "Your luck is holding out," she said, as she slipped into Don's arms.

The orchestra swung into a South American song.

"I never did like tangos," said Don. "Can't we go somewhere and talk? We haven't been alone since early this afternoon."

She thought it over. "There are the date rooms in Main Hall. But they'll be crowded, too."

"That's out."

"We could take a walk."

"Now there's an idea," said Don.

As they walked out of the gymnasium, she said, "Look, there's a full moon."

"You see, my luck is holding out," said Don. He put his arm around her waist and they ran lightly down the steps.

Don was talking. "Will you forget us Yankees once 73

you've gone back to that wonderful Midwest of yours for the summer?"

"You know I won't."

"Good," he said. "Will you write to me?"

"If I get prompt answers."

"Suppose I should just happen to be sent out to the Midwest on business this summer?" he asked. "They're talking of doing some television research in Omaha."

This was something Jane hadn't thought of. Don went on, "Would I be welcome in a certain university town out there?"

"Yes," she said, "you have a standing invitation to visit us." Suddenly she thought of Bobby. What would she do with both Don and Bobby on her hands?

Don sensed the significance of her hesitation. "Sure I won't be running into competition that's too stiff for me to handle?" he asked.

"I don't think you'll have any trouble handling the competition," she said.

Don took her by the shoulders. "I just wanted to say"—he leaned his cheek against hers—"that I love you in that dress. There's something about white that's so womanly."

T Chapter VIII

The train stopped. As Jane poked her head out, the prairie sun enveloped her in a wave of heat. She stepped down upon the glaring wooden platform and ran straight into her father's open arms. Over one of his shoulders she reached out her right hand to a sun-bronzed Jim and over the other, her left hand to a grinning Bobby.

"Gee, but it's good to see you," she said. "Gee, but I'm glad to be back!" She broke away from her father's embrace and said, "Let me get a good look at you, Professor. Why, you don't look a day older."

Suddenly Jane missed something. "Where's Tip?" she asked excitedly.

"Here I am."

She wheeled around and looked into the face of a tall, young man whose glance met hers at eye level.

"Gee whillikers!" she shouted. "You're all grown up!"

Dad and Jim put her bags in the trunk of the car and climbed in the front. Jane had already got into the back next to the window. Tip sat in the middle with Bobby on the other side. They were looking at her with a new expression on their faces, and it made her feel like an outsider in her own family.

"All right," she said. "We're the Townsends. Let's stop pretending. Go ahead and say what you're thinking."

Tip let out a sigh of relief so unfeigned that it brought a laugh from all of them. "You're different," he said.

"It's the hair-do," said Bobby. "It's all over her face."

"It's not just the hair-do," said Tip. "It's something inside her."

They were all quiet for a while until Jim said, "We were mighty proud of you on the radio, Jane."

"Yes," said Dad. "It was a fine speech."

Jane said, "Thank you," and then there was another long silence.

She was grateful when Tip asked, "Did you learn how to take care of babies, Jane?"

She laughed. "No, of course not." She hurried on to tell them as much as she could about Waverly and Miss Charity and the professors and the classes and the girls. "We had a regular gang on our floor in Taylor Hall," she finished up. "I made a grand bunch of new friends."

They all looked away and she realized, too late, that is was not what she should have said.

They had lunch outside on the terrace in the circle of white Adirondack chairs. Mrs. Norris served creamed chicken supreme on baked Virginia ham, and there were corn muffins and plenty of milk from Kimble's farm and great big golden-brown disks of molasses cookies. While they ate they talked about everything but the things they were thinking.

At last lunch was over. Jane said she thought she should go upstairs and unpack. Dad linked his arm through Jane's and they left the terrace. They went into the house and stopped by the newel post outside Dad's study.

"I don't really want to unpack just now," said Jane. "But I couldn't stand it, the way you all stared at me." She looked down at her suit. "I think I'll get out of these clothes and put on my riding outfit." Dad's face was inscrutable. If he would only say something to let her know what he was thinking. "Maybe if I did my hair in pigtails and tied them across my head, it would help."

"Do you really think it would, Jane?" asked Dad.

"No," she said. "Tip is right. The change is inside me."

He nodded. He reached over and put his hand over hers where it gripped the post. "I really like the new Jane," he said. "She's womanly."

Womanly. That was the word Don had used the night of the May Day formal. She had been very careful not to mention Don to the others, but she would have to tell Dad sometime. The longer she put it off, the harder it would be. She turned around and looked into the dining room to be sure Tip was not quietly eavesdropping.

"There's one friend I didn't tell you about," she said. "A boy I met. Brother of one of my best girl friends at Waverly." She stopped, embarrassed about going on, but suddenly Dad looked very reassuring. It was almost like old times to be talking to him like this. "He's in television," she rushed on. "And he may have to come out here on business." She emphasized the word "business," trying to make it sound very convincing. "And, well," she said, "I was wondering if we could entertain him a little while he's out this way. Show him the University and . . ." She stopped again.

For a moment she was afraid Dad would laugh at her. But he didn't. He said, quite seriously, "That's fine, Jane. We'll be delighted to have him."

"Of course he could stay at the Madison House."

"Of course he couldn't," said Dad. "We'll put Jim on a cot in Tip's room and let your friend have Jim's."

She squeezed Dad's arm. "Thanks," she said. "Thanks awfully."

"I'm glad your—your friend is coming on business." Dad emphasized the word exactly as she had done. Then he leaned forward and spoke close to her ear. "Bobby's fine. We all like him. But the world is a pretty big sea and there are plenty of fish in it." His eyes were lighted up with the old twinkle she was so happy to see.

She ran up the stairs and as she reached the top Dad called to her. She turned and smiled down at him.

"You haven't told me his name," he said.

"Don. Don Brighton."

"Don Brighton," he repeated. He nodded and smiled back at her. "It's all right. I like it."

"And he's descended," she said, with as broad a grin as she could manage, "from a long, long line of Yankees."

This is a condensed version of "Waverly".

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